Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1800.

Fit TripleX -and be safe MG do

THE BYSTANDER JUNE 15, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

1/-

The Aristocrat of Liqueurs

Drambuie

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., LTD.
12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH.

NOW DEAF EARS CAN HEAR AGAIN

Simply and Inconspicuously as Nature intended!

The latest discovery by the "Ardente" Scientists gives True-to-Tone Hearing to sufferers from the isolating handicap of deafness, even the so-called 'STONE' DEAF.

Whether young, middle-aged or old, rich or poor, using an aid or not—you must try this new "Ardente" way to Better Hearing

NOTHING IN or ON the EARS.

A wonderful boon for Church, Radio, Talkies, Business, Sports Shopping (street safety) and the whole world of sound.

CALL FOR FREE TEST, or write for details. Medical Reports and a FREE TEST in your own HOME.

R. H. DENT, M. Inst. P. I., 309, Oxford St., LONDON, W.1

(Opposite JOHN LEWIS'). Mayfair 1380/1718/0947.

Permanent Ardente Ltd. Service Bureaux for your convenience at *Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.*

BOLLINGER CHAMPAGNE

Special Cuvée

By Appointment to The Late KING GEORGE V.

HENNESSY

★★★ BRANDY

preferred for its "clean flavour"

BY APPOINTMENT

THREE STAR
V.O. 20 years old
V.S.O.P. 30 years old
V.V.O. 40 years old

COURVOISIER COGNAC

ANCIEN FOURNISSEUR DE SA MAJESTE L'EMPEREUR

VINTAGES and NAPOLEON (80 Years Old)

THE BRANDY OF NAPOLEON STANDS FOR QUALITY

GLENEAGLES Hotel

★ *Under the direction of* ARTHUR TOWLE *Controller*
L.M.S. Hotel Services
St. Pancras Chambers
London, N.W.1.

Restaurant & Sleeping Car Expresses from London.

PERTHSHIRE SCOTLAND

Open Easter to November

DRINK MORE FRUIT

"Presta"

ORANGINA

The APOLLINARIS Co., Ltd.

TRY IT NOW!

PRICE ONE SHILLING : By Inland Post 1s. 1½d. OFFICES—LONDON : 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. PARIS : 65-67, Avenue des Champs-Elysées, Paris viii. Regd. at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.) 2.30 and 8.15 Daily
THE ENGADINE EXPRESS
"Rhythm on the Ice." A Musical Spectacle with New Ideas
Prices 10/6, 8/6, 6/-, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, 2/-.

BRITISH HOTELS

THE VICTORIAN VIRTUES

No one would wish to scrap every 20th Century improvement and go back to the days of hip-baths and horsehair sofas. On the other hand, certain of the Victorian virtues were admirable, notably dignity and courtesy. It is these virtues we have endeavoured to preserve. Add such attractions as 120 ft. sun lounge, famous chef, 100 centrally-heated rooms with hot and cold water, lift, golf and tennis nearby, and terms from 4½ Gns. weekly and you will understand the unique appeal of the Royal Victoria Hotel. Write for tariff to-day.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Facing Sea *'Phone: Hastings 869*

WASHINGTON HOTEL

Every modern convenience—Heart of Mayfair—Quiet surroundings—Fine suite of rooms for Banquets—Wedding Receptions.

Telephone: Gros. 3101 CURZON ST., LONDON, W.1
THE HONYWOOD HOTELS

"DEVON'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL"
DART VALLEY
BOURTON HALL NEAR TOTNES
Telephone: Totnes 2387.

A Country Mansion, all modern comforts and amenities, retaining atmosphere and dignity. The Hotel where residents really find that personal understanding and service, where every desire is fulfilled. Tennis, Riding, Fishing, Golf, 18 holes (free to residents), Shooting, Billiards. Easy access sea and moor

SCOTTISH HOTELS

STRATHSPEY
CAIRNGORM HOTEL, AVIEMORE

Magnificent Scenery and Health-Giving Air. Grounds, 2 Acres. Golf Course within easy reach. Thirty Bedrooms. Electric Light. Running Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Central Heating.

Telephone: Aviemore 233. A.A. and R.A.C. Apply Manageress.

THE DOUNE OF ROTHIEMURCHUS AVIEMORE
INVERNESS-SHIRE

This Mansion House is beautifully situated on the bank of the River Spey amidst the finest scenery in Scotland, and is ideal for those who wish to spend a restful holiday in a Highland Country House. Home Farm Produce. Free Fishing. Moderate Terms. Electric Light.

Brochure and particulars from Manageress. *Telephone: Aviemore 231*

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY HOTEL—*and so convenient for the Exhibition!*

On Main North Road, less than an hour's run from Glasgow and Edinburgh. Reconstructed and with every Modern Comfort. Largest private indoor Swimming Pool in Scotland, Golf (18 holes), Tennis, Bowling, Dancing, Orchestra, Fully Licensed. Under personal supervision of Mr. R. Gillies, of Birnam Hotel, Dunkeld and Royal Hotel, Bridge of Allan. Terms and Brochure from A. P. Tregenna, Manager.

DUNBLANE HOTEL HYDRO
Dunblane, Perthshire.

NORTH BERWICK **MARINE HOTEL**
ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course, 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Glasgow by road or rail. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Garage in grounds.
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE. Manager: W. A. THIEM. Telephone: 366

CALLANDER PALACE HOTEL

Every comfort and facility for rest or enjoyment after a strenuous day at the Empire Exhibition, which is within an hour's journey. It stands in 48 acres of Private Grounds. Golf, Tennis, Fishing and Motoring. Delightful Walks and Drives in a glorious countryside famous in Scots Song and Story. Cuisine *par excellence*. Service superb.
'Phone: 45 Callander. *Brochure on request from the Manager.*

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

ENJOY PARIS TO THE FULL
by staying at the
HOTEL CLARIDGE
74, AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ELYSÉES

where English is spoken and English tastes are understood. This hotel was reopened in May 1937, and has been entirely renovated. The cuisine is the finest in Paris—under the direction of Dreneau, former chef of Ciro.
New Management.

ST. CAST, (nr. Dinard). — ROYAL BELLE VUE
Golf, Tennis, Bathing. On sea front. 120 rooms, 50 baths. Dancing, excellent cuisine. Garage, R.A.C., A.A. Special early rates. Full inclusive terms, £3—£4.10.0 week.

AUSTRIA

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l.—1½ hrs. fr. Vienna **Suedbahn Hotel.** The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—The leading Hotel. The finest Hotel Rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near golf, Casino, Bathing, Tennis, Special early Season rates.

Knocke-Zoute. — Rubens Hotel. — Finest Hotel facing sea. Nr. Casino, Golf, Tennis. Special early Season rates. Now open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—C.S.R. Hotl. Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-heart complaints & Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125 Av. Ch. Elysées. 100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Priv. Suites.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Unique situation between Cannes & Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 110, with bath fr. Frs. 135

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera–Naviro-tel.—Nr. Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for Illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.—Facing Links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st. class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st. cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms incl. tips and tax fr. £3.10. With priv. bath £5

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden. — Bellevue. — The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Stephanie.— The leading Hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).— Brenner's Parkhotel.— Family Hotel de Luxe

Baden - Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renov. 260 beds. Rms. fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl.—Kurhaushotel.— World-renowned house mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished family hotel. Garage. Opposite Park

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.— First-cl. Fam. Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet, pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.— Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus) Staatl. Kurhotel. —Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms fr. R.M 10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn. Pk., Terraces. Reduced rates. Gar.—Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. W'ld ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. Grill. Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150r. fr. 6.-, 75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station 300 beds. From R.M.4

Frankfort - on - Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill-room. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its hors-d'œuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises

Garmisch-Partenkirchen-ParkHotel "Alpen-hof."—lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Ev. com. Prospec. thro' propr. Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful sit. 1st. class hotel. Every comf. at Mod. Terms.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of International name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.— First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from R.M.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus and Rest. Hundseck (2,952 ft.)—Sit. on Black Ft. 160 beds. Mod. comf. Pen. fr. R.M.7 to R.M.9

Königswinteron Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.— High class. Overlooking Rhine valley. Motor rd. Rack rail. Gar. Spts. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.50

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance). — Hotel Bad Schachen.—1st-class throughout—200 rooms—priv. beach—extens. park—tennis—mod. terms.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karls-platz.—First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New Garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden.—Bl. For.—**Landhaus Fuchs.**—20 mls. from Baden-Baden, a country house—private swim. pool.—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest home for English people. First class. Full illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage Pen. from Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Htl. Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. Mks. 12

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from R.M.12

SWITZERLAND.

Davos Palace Hotel, Summer 1938.—Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board Frs. 15 With Parsenn Railway on 8000 feet.

Geneva.—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—The comf. hotel on the lake side and nearest to business centre. Rooms from Frs. 6. Pens. from Frs. 14.

(*Continued on page iii of cover*)

The Bystander

Anthony

Irina Baronova in "Coq d'Or," a First Night Role

An announcement, long-awaited but so non-committal that it set more questions than it gave answers, was made last week about the Russian ballet season at Covent Garden. This starts next Monday with *Sylphides*, *Le Coq d'Or*, and *Le Mariage d'Aurore*, and although no list of dancers is published, we may expect to see again Baronova's exquisite performance as the Queen of Shemakhan in *Coq d'Or*. This Fokine ballet, first given in September last year, was a colossal success during the de Basil American season. Three new ballets by Fokine are promised and, quite astonishingly, new versions—by whom?—of two of the most perfect of Massine ballets, *Tricorne* and *Boutique Fantasque*. Also a new version, by Frederick Ashton, of *Le Triomphe de Neptune*

Hungarian Idyll

Wallace Beery has spent a holiday in Lillafüred, a hideaway in the heart of Hungarian mountains. He learnt the czárdás from "the beautiful peasant girls," chatted with policemen and children, took pocket movies, gazed at and was gazed at. His newest film, "Port of the Seven Seas," comes to the Empire this week

Tropical Idyll

"Tropical" is the name of this picture by Frederico Beltran-Massés, standing beside it in his exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries. A personal friend of King Alfonso, known chiefly for his paintings of lovely women, Señor Beltran-Massés held a previous exhibition in 1934 which aroused much interest. He has many friends in English Society

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE bombing goes on and on and on in Spain and in China, and every day hundreds and perhaps thousands of civilians are killed, and what we call modern civilisation can do nothing about it except register a faint protest like the baa-ing of aggrieved sheep when a wolf appears on the horizon. Mr. Stanley Casson, the archæologist, wrote a book last year in which he sought to prove that the world had already begun upon a new cycle of dark ages. Every week brings a story of savagery and inhumanity from some part of the world, and it looks as if Mr. Casson is painfully right.

MR. J. H. LECHE, the British Minister in Barcelona, has often been accused, I do not know whether rightly or wrongly, by the Left Wing in this country of sympathy with General Franco. If the Left Wing is correct, Mr. Leche's report on the bombing of Granollers by rebel aeroplanes will carry all the more weight. The Minister visited the town, where more than a hundred women and children were killed in the market-place, and found no military objectives in the centre of the town. There are one or two factories on the outskirts, and an aerodrome, but nothing at all in the town itself. Granollers is a railway junction, but the station, as happens so often in Spain, is quite a distance away.

THE repeated bombing of British ships lying in or off Valencia Harbour raises a much more difficult problem for our Government than the bombing of French villages does for M. Daladier. That energetic statesman has himself flown to the scene of the outrages near the Pyrenees, and has already strengthened the anti-aircraft batteries and the fighting patrols, and has issued orders for instant attack on aeroplanes dropping bombs in France. But in the case of Valencia the business of territorial waters complicates the problem for Mr. Chamberlain.

A BRITISH destroyer has gone to Alicante Harbour, and has dropped anchor close to two British ships which were set on fire by bombers. But it is difficult to see exactly what the destroyer is to do in the event of another raid. Suppose it opens fire with its anti-aircraft batteries, and some of the descending splinters, or even a dud shell, kills Spanish citizens on the mainland, what will the international position be then? Has a foreign warship any right to open fire on anything while it is in territorial waters?

ON the other hand, there is not a shadow of justification for the Italian attitude, which is one of indignation that the British should resent the bombing of the ships at all. The Italians were loud in praise of the Germans when they bombarded Almeria as a reprisal for an alleged torpedo attack on a German ship.

THE Co-operative Congress has rejected the proposal for a "peace alliance," which is more or less the same thing as the "popular front." The leader of the attack on the peace alliance was Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty in the Socialist Government. Mr. Alexander is an able and forceful speaker, but surely he was employing very odd methods when he based part of his case on a private "conversation" with Sir Archibald Sinclair, which Sir Archibald warmly denies ever took place.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, speaking in the Stafford by-election, described himself as "an old fellow in his seventy-sixth year for whom it was sad to see the British flag becoming a jest of the nations." Upon this remark *The Times* makes the peculiar comment, "A sad sight certainly, for any who may see it (incidentally, the British flag has been flown a good deal lately on some not very British ships)." The more one tries to unravel this sentence the more one begins to feel that the mind is giving way.

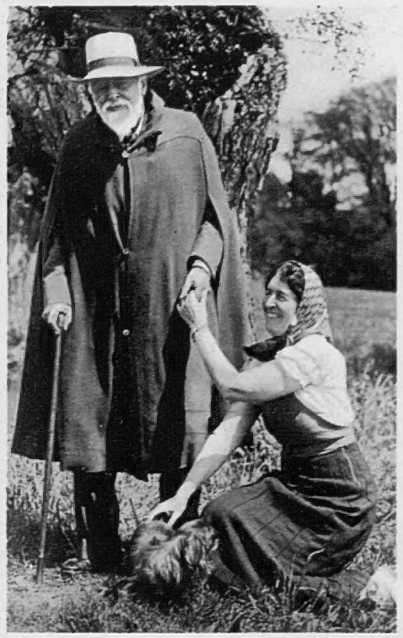
MR. WINANT, of the United States of America, has been appointed Director of the International Labour Organisation in Geneva in succession to Mr. H. B. Butler. There is a great deal to be said in favour of the appointment of this able and popular American. It

Modern Gesture

Modern music-lovers know how to handle gramophones better than any other instrument of music, and even a prima-donna sometimes listens to her own voice for relaxation. She is Lina Pagliughi, who made a big success in "Rigoletto" and gave a recital at the Queen's Hall last Thursday

Ancient Gesture

Patting a bovine nose has been a woman's privilege (see "The Good Earth") ever since man made the wild ox work for him. Here it is Tarrington Punch taking rather ungraciously a caress from the Duchess of Gloucester at the Three Counties' Show



Grand Old Man of Physics

Sir Oliver Lodge, who was photographed at his Salisbury home with Mrs. Stanley, one of his twelve children, was eighty-seven on Sunday. For all this century his name has been a household word in physics; more recently he turned — like most modern scientists—to psychics and destiny

G. O. M. of Psychology

Dr. Sigmund Freud, "inventor" of the inferiority complex, had all his Vienna property confiscated by Hitler, otherwise was kindly treated. He has sought asylum in Hampstead with his daughter, Mrs. Hollitschek

will undoubtedly bring the United States closer to Europe and the world in the study of industrial conditions. But it is hard luck on Mr. E. J. Phelan, the brilliant Irishman, who has worked in the I.L.O. for eighteen years, as against Mr. Winant's four, especially as the main reason given for not appointing him to the Directorate was that the post ought to go to the citizen of a Great Power. Ever since the League was founded it has been the emphatic rule that all its employees must regard themselves as international civil servants, and not as citizens of their respective countries.

GLASGOW'S great Exhibition is being a terrific success and has already broken almost all existing records by being financially on the right side. But what amazing ideas the management has about removing things. First of all they removed the three lovely statues of girls because they were what is technically known as "undraped." Now they have removed the German, Italian and Japanese flags from the Peace Pavilion. I can understand the removal of the Japanese flag. But whatever individuals may think about Germany and Italy, the official removal of their flags from an Empire Exhibition can only hamper Mr. Neville Chamberlain in his already sufficiently tricky task.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide, both in and out of London, is on pp. F—K before the Frontispiece

"THAT 's the way the money goes, Pop! goes the weasel."

was the old song, and occasionally one gets an unexpected glimpse into how our money goes. The Air Ministry announces that it is offering for sale "White Waltham Grove, a Queen Anne house, with nicely panelled rooms and sixteen acres," situated in pleasant fields in the rural country near Maidenhead. The reserve price is said to be "exceedingly moderate." This land was bought by the Ministry in order to put up an aircraft factory. It was then pointed out that for about a hundred different reasons the site was probably the most unsuitable in the whole of England, and the Air Ministry, having indignantly refused to give up the project, hastily gave it up and transferred the factory to Lancashire. It would be very interesting to know the difference between the price the Ministry paid and "the exceedingly moderate reserve."

QUITE the most popular name in the Birthday Honours List, I should think, is that of Mr. Aubrey Smith, who gets a C.B.E. Mr. Aubrey Smith was famous in his early days as a cricketer, playing for Sussex and the Gentlemen, and later on became famous as an actor in London. At the age of seventy he went to Hollywood to make a film, and was an immediate success. For the last five years he has played in many well-known films, and has organised and captained the English cricket eleven in California. At the age of seventy-four he took a team of Englishmen working in the film industry up to Canada, and himself bowled and batted with great success. Mr. Aubrey Smith is in England at the present moment, and his innumerable fans will be delighted at his honour.

ANOTHER interesting name in the Honours List is that of Russell Pasha, the Commandant of the Cairo Police, who has been knighted. Russell Pasha has for years been the greatest expert in the drug traffic, and every year his report to the League of Nations on his work of detection and suppression has read like an Oppenheim novel. He has been picturesquely described as "the hammer of the drug barons."

WHATEVER one may think about the B.B.C., it is going a bit too far to take pot shots, even with a small rifle, at poor Mr. Freddie Grisewood, the celebrated radio commentator. It will be a sad day for art criticism in this country if firearms are to be the modern substitute for the traditional tomato. Everyone will be delighted at Mr. Grisewood's escape.

I WRITE this before the Test match at Nottingham begins, but I propose, as usual, to do my duty by my readers and visit Nottingham in order to get an eye-witness's angle on the first day's play. So that next week this page will probably read like the sporting page of a daily paper. The only point of interest to chronicle at the moment is that Lord Hawke was so appalled that Mr. W. R. Hammond, the Gloucestershire amateur who is the finest cricketer in England, should be captaining the English side, that he has returned to the Nottinghamshire Committee the complimentary ticket which they sent him. His Lordship's reason is that Mr. Hammond was once a professional cricketer, and that it is wrong for a man who was once a professional to lead England into the field. I fancy the only loser will be his Lordship himself, unless, of course, it rains through all four days and there is no cricket.

Social Register

THE RUSH OF JUNE WEDDINGS

Mr. Milbank and Miss Louisa Curtis

A Yorkshire-Shropshire wedding took place at Caynham, Shropshire, between John G. F. Milbank, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Milbank, of Barningham Park, Richmond, Yorks., and Luli Curtis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. C. Curtis, of Caynham Cottage, Ludlow, Salop

The Hon. Jock Leith and Miss Simpson

Jock Leith, of Glenkindie, Aberdeenshire, younger son of the late Lord Burgh, and Phyllis Lady Burgh, and Mona Simpson, daughter of the late C. R. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Bickenhall Mansions, W.1., were married at St. James's, Piccadilly

Mr. Williams-Bulkeley and Miss Neave

Richard Williams-Bulkeley, son of the late Major R. G. W. Williams-Bulkeley and Mrs. Roland Norman, and Renée Neave, were married at Noak Hill, Essex. The bride is the daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Neave, of Dagnam Park, Essex

TWO CHARITY GALAS

Right: Lady Harcourt and her husband were talking to Lord Knollys at the Ballet Gala for funds to name a bed after Nijinsky at the Mount Vernon Cancer Hospital. Lord Knollys is chairman of the Hospital, and his wife was chairman of the Gala committee

Lord and Lady Harcour

The Hon. John Grimston and Miss Duncan

John Grimston is the second son of the Earl of Verulam and the late Countess of Verulam; Marjorie Ray Duncan is the eldest daughter of the late Walter Duncan and Mrs. Duncan, of 53, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Baring and Miss Campbell-Preston

Raymond Baring is the younger son of Sir Godfrey Baring and the late Lady Baring, of Nubia House, Cowes, I.O.W. Margaret Campbell-Preston is the daughter of the late Col. Campbell-Preston, and Mrs. Campbell-Preston, of Ardchattan Priory, Connel, Argyll. They were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Lady Irene Haig and

Mr. Peter Carlisle and the Hon. Elizabeth McLaren

Peter Carlisle and Lord and Lady Aberconway's elder daughter were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Carlisle, of 10, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, who arrived home from the Argentine just before the wedding

Mr. Tew and Miss Bury

Lionel Henry Tew, Royal Artillery, son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. G. Tew and nephew of Lord Hawke, married Pamela Dorothy Bury at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bury, of 11, Holland Villas Road, W

Mr. FitzGerald and Miss O'Loughlin

Maurice FitzGerald, youngest son of the late Major the Hon. Arthur FitzGerald, and Mrs. FitzGerald, of 49, Mansfield Gardens, N.W.3, and Kathleen O'Loughlin, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Loughlin, of Melbourne, Australia, were married at the Brompton Oratory

and Lord Knollys

Lady Honor Vaughan

The Duchess of Kent (who wears stars in her new high-on-the-head coiffure) spent two "charity evenings" last week—one at the Rose Ball, and next night at the Ballet Gala and Good Fortune Ball. In the photograph on the right she is with Countess Orloff-Davidoff (Lord Howard de Walden's daughter), who was chairman of the Good Fortune Ball in aid of the Anglo-Yugoslav Sanatorium for Tubercular Children

The Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and Lady Ashfield

Left: Lady Irene Haig and Lady Honor Vaughan were at the gala premiere of "Orage" at the Curzon, in aid of the Feathers Clubs

Above: Mrs. Gamage and Lady Ashfield were chairman and vice-chairman of the Rose Ball, held in aid of Alexandra Rose Day funds. It is twenty-seven years since Queen Alexandra inaugurated Rose Day

TWO CHARITY BALLS

The Duchess of Kent and Countess Orloff-Davidoff

The holders *of the cup presented by their non-playing captain, Mrs. George Wightman, were the American team, probably one of the strongest combinations of women lawn tennis players seen in this country. The five are Mrs. Sarah Palfrey-Fabyan, doubles champion (with Miss Marble) of America; Miss Dorothy Bundy, champion of Australia, playing in Europe for the first time; formidable Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, only once beaten this season (by Miss R. M. Hardwick); Miss Alice Marble, America's No. 1 player; and Miss Helen Jacobs*

The Wightman Cup Teams

The challengers *for the Wightman Cup went to Wimbledon last week after a heartening win at Manchester against the Australian women. The British team was the same as suffered defeat at Forest Hills last year, save for Miss Scriven taking Miss Hardwick's place. The seven are Miss Freda James, Miss Peggy Scriven, Miss Joan Ingram, Mrs. M. R. King (captain), Miss Margot Lumb, Miss E. M. Dearman and Miss Kathleen Stammers*

The non-playing captains, John Beck and Francis Ouimet, both took credits from the match, Beck for his excellent strategy and management, Ouimet for his sincere pleasure and congratulations on Britain's 7—4 victory

The Walker Cup

It First Leaves Home at the Age of Sixteen

James Bruen played with Bentley against Fischer and Kocsis in a halved foursome, met the amateur champion, Charles Yates, in the singles and hung on to him with persistence and skill that drew American praise. Yates won 2 and 1

Hector Thomson and Johnny Goodman's single proved one of the strongest victories for Britain. After a faultless morning round which left him six up, Thomson then lost two, played four consecutive threes to be seven up at the turn, won by 5 and 4

During the last afternoon's play, in the middle of wild rumours from all over the course among the crowd of 15,000, came the news of A. T. Kyle's victory which sealed Britain's win. He beat Haas 5 and 4

Anthony

Nora Swinburne—a Modern Lot's Wife

Mr. and Mrs. Lot are the chief characters of the new play at the Whitehall: the incidents are derived from the Bible story, the setting is Asia Minor, but Mr. Lot is something in oil, and his wife is a woman of to-day's world. Nora Swinburne plays that part, and is also presenting the play—her first appearance in the stage world as actress-manager. Her co-star, Mr. Lot, is Cecil Parker, who is also the producer. *Lot's Wife* is a first play, by Peter Blackmore, and had a successful Sunday night try-out by the London International Theatre Club before Miss Swinburne decided to present it to the West End

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 75

George Royds

GEORGE ROYDS was born in Lancashire forty-one years ago, and although he may stick out his chin, speak like a machine-gun, and give you a real gimlet look, yet you know he would never "pull a fast one" on you. His vitality was first given scope in Manchester, where he tried his hand at shipping, cotton, tea-tasting, and worked for the Free Trade Union and the old G. and S.W. Railway, before he found his self-expression in advertising. Then young Royds started the climb—first with the leading Northern firm of advertisers' agents, then as advertising manager of the largest mail-order organisation in Great Britain (when he was only eighteen). He had just realised that advertising was exactly what the doctor ordered for him, when war broke out, and he joined the Gunners, serving with them in France and Mesopotamia. He returned to advertising at a time when it was as static as a chocolate-box lady: all pretty girl and no news of her. And here he sensed an opportunity. Why not make advertising as lively and human as the news?

All that he has done since has been around this idea. His advertising is the nearest thing to topical journalism with a trade bias. He pioneered the use of action photographs in the daily Press: was the first to engage the new school of realism in photography, which Howard Coster heads. Often this realism resulted in mere human crudeness; frequently in beauty. Anyhow, it worked.

TO-DAY George Royds employs a staff of over a hundred in his Strand office, which resembles a bank rather than anything else. He talks with pride of his women's department. His is one of the few organisations with a department of women, for women, managed by women. He is a past-president of the Thirty Club of London, Fellow of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association, a founder member of the Company of Newspaper-makers, and a Freeman of the City of London.

George Royds is also a family man. He married the beautiful Cora Crossley, of South Africa, whose serenity is in exact contrast to his love of restless activity. One of their three children—Nick, aged six—surprises the proud parent more than anything else in the world. Last year the family missed the Channel Boat on the way to Le Touquet. George was in a hoo-ha. Said Nicholas: "What 's the matter, Dad; isn't there another boat?"—which is probably the only time George Royds was ever stuck for an answer.

Both in public and private life he hates affectation, preciousness and any kind of lead-swinging. He enjoys making speeches and has two mannerisms. One is pointing an admonitory forefinger, the other is of raising his left cheek-bone towards his left eye to emphasise a point. He has a flat overlooking Hyde Park and a house at North Forelands, where he is the local terror off 7. For golf is his favourite exercise, and he is also a member of Addington and Deal. He is this year's captain of the N.A.G.S. and of the Golfing Federation of the Advertising Association. He regards bridge with a mild, academic interest, and only has two bets on horses a year—£25 on something in the Derby, and on something else in the Grand National. So far he has never had a winning bet. With his clipped voice, clean-shaven, broad-shouldered appearance he looks more like a Navy man than an ex-gunner. His restlessness has caused him to buy, redecorate, and eventually sell houses in Hendon, Hampstead, Heronsgate, and St. John's Wood, before he decided to commute between Connaught Place and Kent. His latest venture is joint authorship—with Alexander Korda, Baird (Television) and others—of a volume entitled *Where Do We Go from Here*. George Royds' contribution covers everything from the publicising of debs to the effect of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda on European affairs. Previously he brought out a slim volume of staccato business talks, which he naturally named *Brasstacks*.

In conclusion, George Royds is the only successful business man I know who ever listens to the answer when he asks a question. Perhaps that is why he is so particularly successful at so early an age.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I bagged that one in the Punjab"

THE KING's gift to the Tower Armoury of six royal swords belonging to his predecessors includes one very interesting piece, a heavy cavalry blade belonging to George II., the stout little red-faced swearing paladin who fought in person at Dettingen; the last English monarch to take the field. It may have been this very sword which George was waving round his head, spluttering furious German oaths, when his horse temporarily ran away with him. The blade, forged at Solingen, has a calendar of Saints' days engraved on it, which doesn't seem to consort somehow with its owner's character—you may remember the story of his blubbering at his dying wife's bedside, when she implored him to marry again: "Non, non! Chamais! Ch'aurai des maîtresses!" But Heaven knows we 're all of us pretty intricate psychological puzzles, and the best of us not so hot. On the other hand, we do think George might have had the decency to give his sword a name, if it was only Blutwurst or Pumpernickel.

We 'll spare you the usual whimsy fantasia on great historic swords or snickersnees (Joyeuse, Excalibur, Durendal, Haulteclair, Tickletoby, etc.) which ought to go just here. We doubt strongly if you care whether the holy blade of Roland was called Auntie Joy, Sea-View, Woolworth's Special, or Tiddyfollol, and even if we told you the reason why the Minister of Health's No. 1 claymore is named Chatsworth (it is so named after a ducal residence) you 'd probably receive the news with the same brutish lack of interest as the unknown dry-fly fisherman to whom a man we know shouted hoarsely in passing: "To-day is the eleven-hundred-and-fifty-second anniversary of the Battle of Roncesvaux!", to which the fisherman replied "Go to hell!" God send all such cretins better understanding and us more patience, is our cry.

Pussycat

THE old lion trouble—which attacks only sculptors, unlike the old dog trouble, which attacks everybody—has just broken out in Brisbane, where a Queensland artist has described the two recumbent bronze lions on the plinths of the new George V. Memorial as "puppies." Even at that we guess they aren't as comic as those poor old Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square, which many artists have described in highly variegated terms. Landseer had a lot of trouble with those four big pussies, and grew very touchy about them. ("Who d'you mean, king of beasts?" he would snarl at innocent girl admirers.) Bartholdi, who had better luck with his pleasing statue of Miss Liberty in New York harbour, had just as much trouble as Landseer with his Lion of Belfort, which Anatole France compared to something off a paperweight. In our estimation lions are too difficult for the boys, and they should give them up. Even if they get the impressive front half right, there's always that laughable anticlimax in the rear, which serves to remind us that however terrifying our lions may seem face to face, you must look at them from behind as well.

"—And then first right and then first left"

Towards the end of this summer, when the customary full-page *Punch* cartoon shows the British Lion in flannels raising his little cricket cap to the Kangaroo and saying "Jolly well played, sir!", you will be able to judge the skill with which a good artist can evade this embarrassing question of the lion's behind. It isn't that artists can't draw the western half of a lion. It 's just that patriotism and good taste forbid.

Hist!

MR. GEOFFREY MANDER (Lib., Wolverhampton, E.), the Question King (£5 a question is the minimum cost to the taxpayer), was asking Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House recently about the large numbers of German domestic servants employed in the Aldershot Command area, and alleging that German is often heard more frequently than English in that delightful spot. Which naturally evokes a vision of blonde heads bent industriously over wastepaper baskets at midnight, details of defence plans laboriously written in invisible ink on bits of old shirts, well-built nannies stuffing secret papers hastily into Baby's sock, and all the fun of the fair. On the other hand, since German Intelligence knows everything already (as Mr. Will Thorne reminded the House, amid laughter), it 's difficult to see what more the Gretchens and Berthas can do. The wastepaper-basket trick is so old now—remember that celebrated charwoman employed in one of the German Embassy offices in Paris, some decades ago, who collected such a lot of valuable stuff in this way after office hours that she is said to have been the means of postponing the Great War for several years?—that they 've even heard of it in the Aldershot Command. All the Gretchens would find nowadays, probably, would be crumpled tailors' bills and income-tax demands. We wouldn't say a hard-working spy would waste even those. They show that the British officer-caste is seething with discontent, for example, rebelling against the cursed yoke of the tailor, ready to rise at any moment against the hated

tax-collector. Intelligence pays 4d. per thousand words for information like this, and if you think we 're fooling, look up some of the spy history of the last war. Women spies for Germany in England were perpetually turning in this sort of stuff. Everybody in Berlin was very angry with the sweethearts for their nerve, and in many cases they were sacked or, in extreme cases, slung in the can ; which shows once more that Woman's place is the Home, however furiously home-lovers may dispute it.

Rally

WE took a poor view of a rather hoity-toity, up-stage, touch-me-not reference to Air Wardens by Mr. George Malcolm Thompson in the *Evening Standard* the other night. Speaking of A.R.P., Mr. Thompson said : " We are to have a million or so Air Wardens . . . to ensure that no matter how much we quake inwardly, we behave outwardly like Britons. A vast army of more or less trained ladies and gentlemen with badges are to patrol our streets, counting the bombs and shooing the civil population into shelter. . . . But they are a complete waste of effort and organisation." Listen, Mr. Thompson : you evidently have still to meet Air Warden A. G. Macdonell, known already to his countless fans as the Brummell of the Bombed. No waste of effort or organisation here, we think, Mr. T. ! Ogled and cajoled by a thousand Mayfair hostesses, pelted with orchids by every deb under the age of forty-five, Air Warden Macdonell has merely to finger his carnation buttonhole and cry laughingly in a clear, imperative baritone, " Here, I say ! Please ! Damn it all ! Really, I mean ! Take cover ! " to clear the whole street. " Except," the genial Air Warden may often add, singling out with one glance some lovely helpless creature whose gas-mask obviously is wrongly put on, " *you.*" This is tantamount to an invitation to a ride on the step of his bicycle, a privilege keenly prized in Mayfair, where the handsome, imperturbable old roadster's prowess on his trusty chromium steed is almost a legend. (" Hands-off-handlebars " is nothing to him.)

" In quietness and confidence," Mr. George Malcolm Thompson concluded, striking that solemn, near-Scriptural final note which is almost de rigueur in Shoe Lane, " shall be your strength." All right, Mr. T. So what ?

Show

AMONG the by-products of a recent Old Bailey murder trial was observed a new tendency in the Fleet Street boys to award marks for the acting. Of one of the K.C.s engaged, one paper said in a leading article : " His voice is full and melodious, his vocabulary is rich, and his language has a sinewy strength. He uses his hands sparingly "—precisely as if summing up the technique of some Coquelin or Irving of the modern stage (not that there is one). The other lawyers in the case were equally handled. Max Beerbohm wrote one of his graceful, ironic essays on this theme some time ago, quoting Sir Charles Russell in the Pigott forgery case as the sublimest actor he had ever seen and advocating a scale of charges for seats in the Law Courts ; but even more ironic, in our gentle, mousy view, is the way Fleet Street has been lavishing spotlights and bouquets on the recent Old Bailey principals. For, unlike Max, Fleet Street does it seriously, and its ballyhooing of the highest-paid stars of the legal stage goes hand-in-hand with its loud periodical assurances that British Justice is the same for rich and poor, and the finest, etc., etc. Which is quite true, if you can pay star prices.

Half a dozen well-known West End actors were seen in the Old Bailey stalls during the run of this case, keenly critical and appreciative, as connoisseurs, of the technique of their rivals and confrères, and in fact a good time was had by all. We 've been present once or twice at a cause célèbre when the only person in court who wasn't wrapped in acute mental enjoyment (Max's phrase, after a superb cross-examination) seemed to be the chap in the witness-box. Believe it or not, but during a really fine performance by some acknowledged master you find yourself looking at this unfortunate stooge with gratitude, as at the shy host of some brilliant dinner-party, and you 're genuinely sorry when it 's all over. So there must be something very wrong somewhere.

Call

REUTER has discovered a Sinhalese citizen named Carolis, aged thirty-four, who lives and thrives on a grass diet and nothing else (so the cleanly and truthful Reuter avers). " Since I took to grass," says this Mr. Carolis, " I have never had a day's illness. Rice is just a lot of starch." He washes down his grass with plenty of water. Reuter found him stretched out at ease in a sunny meadow, having lunch, and in our estimation he makes British vegetarians look like a lot of anthropophagi. They haven't the courage to take to raw grass and water, like Mr. Carolis and their Great Babylonian Exemplar. They devour cooked vegetable messes of revolting aspect, quaffing therewith a tumbler of rich chemical Buppo, which is full of proteins and brings them out in red and yellow spots, and quite right too. God knows we wouldn't say a thing against vegetarians, but we must say we 'd respect them more if they had the clear-eyed courage of Mr. Carolis of Ceylon, a golden-skinned Nebuchadnezzar who sees Life steadily and sees it whole, who never turned his back but marched breast forward, never doubted clouds would break, held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, or eat cake.

Courage, sweethearts ! Hyde Park is yours, with its lush tawny acres, and the Green Park, whose grass is said to be very rich and nourishing, and St. James's Park, flavoured by the boots of diplomats, and Kensington Gardens, where the grass is said to have all the properties of hashish, and Hampstead Heath, where every third blade is a gourmet's dream.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" All right, if he likes yogi let him have yogi—I want my dinner ! "

The Theatre

Butler-cum-dictator: James (Arthur Sinclair)

Sketches by Rouson

"Spring Meeting" (Ambassadors)

IF it were still the custom to provide plays with alternative titles, *Memoirs of an Irish Gentleman* would fairly well describe *Spring Meeting*. For the point of going to the Ambassadors, you must understand, is not to learn how dramatically a bunch of marriages and marriage settlements may be arranged for and by the neglected daughters of one of the "big houses" of Tipperary. Rather it is to get warm and easy touch with the manners and habits of an Irish landlord, his family, retainers and serfs. Thus described, the piece may seem the kind of thing that dramatists should be told not to do, or politely advised to do in another form. We don't go to the theatre to study a social background! When we feel in the mood for *Memoirs of an Irish Gentleman*, we will read it! And so forth, topty-loftily, as Arthur Sinclair's butler would say. But M. J. Farrell and John Perry, the authors of this play, which is not really a play but a sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, know their subject from the top of the favourite filly's tail to the decisive pin which makes last year's Mayo evening gown fit to grace this year's Tipperary debutante. They know, moreover, how to turn what they know into an entertainment which is consistently lively.

THIS entertainment depends, from first to last, on the persuasive topsy-turviness of a way of life that to an Englishman who has long ago worked the eighteenth century out of his system must always seem astonishing and more than a trifle enviable. Affability is the great virtue which excuses everything. Sir Richard Furze, a daring steeplechaser in his youth and still a darling to women of his own generation, is so affable that his miserliness scarcely counts as a fault. Prodigally generous in hospitality, he grudges the cost of warming his daughters' bath-water, and bishops staying in the house are implored not to let the precious fluid they have used run away. But if Sir Richard treats his daughters as cattle, he treats his horses as though they were fine and delicate ladies, and all servants are to him at once serfs and intimate friends. The butler may be ordered out in a black and bitter night on an errand to the stables, or he may be asked to sit down and give counsel as a man and a brother. Roger Livesey, made up into a handsome edition of George Moore, perfectly understands the merits and demerits of Sir Richard, and Arthur Sinclair, as the butler in loco parentis to the daughters and tipster-in-chief and male nurse to their half-crazy spinster aunt, who is a secret gambler, has at last a new part in which he need not force the humour. He plays it superbly. And when you have Miss Betty Chancellor, the devastatingly frank ingénue, doing more of what she did so surprisingly well in *Ghost for Sale*, and Miss Zena Dare, Miss Margaret Rutherford and Mr. W. G. Fay all properly provided for, you need have no fear that because this piece is more an affair of manners than of plot you will not enjoy it.

"8.45 and All That"

IF it is less easy to enjoy 8.45 *and All That*, the new intimate revue at the Royalty, that is certainly not the fault of Temple Abady and Wainwright Morgan, whose music is lively and pretty, nor of Charles Heslop and James Hayter, whose humour is friendly and pleasant. The difficulty is that this kind of revue, which must get along without a multitudinous chorus and without an orchestra, needs more definite ideas than those which the authors have managed to collect. A. V. C.

Mr. Farjeon, who is away on holiday, will resume his articles in three weeks' time

Two ladies who like a gamble: respectable Miss Bijou (Margaret Rutherford) and divorcée Tiny Fox-Collier (Zena Dare)

Irish Blimp: Sir Richard Furze (Roger Livesey)

Showing papa his new son-in-law: Joan, a rebellious daughter (Joyce Carey), and Michael, a jockey (Niall Macginnis)

Anthony

Madame Tiana Lemnitz

Tiana Lemnitz bears the courtesy title of Madame as a prima-donna of grand opera; in private life, she became Frau Fritz Scheuer only six weeks ago by marrying a wealthy German automobile manufacturer, and her first appearance at Covent Garden this year (Pamina in *The Magic Flute*) interrupted her honeymoon. Since then she has flown back and forth many times between the Royal Opera House and her home in Berlin-Grünewald. When Lotte Lehmann broke down, Mme. Lemnitz took her place on a Thursday (Octavian in *Rosenkavalier*) after singing in the Berlin State Opera on the Wednesday. She is also a member of the Vienna State Opera, and bears the title of Kammersängerin. Her first appearance at Covent Garden was last year as Eva in *Die Meistersinger*; this year she sings the part again (for the third time on Friday), and has also sung Elsa in *Lohengrin* and Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*

Photographs by Lenare

Family Party

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood and Their Daughter Caroline

This neat family of three lives in Eaton Square, where they moved in early this year, with the lovely furniture, pictures and tapestries inherited by Mrs. Wood. She was Ruth Primrose before her 1936 wedding to Viscount Halifax's eldest son, is Lord Rosebery's niece, and Lord Derby's granddaughter. Her husband has been M.P. for York since May last year. Their daughter Caroline Victoria was born last September; has the Duchess of Norfolk as one of her godparents

Animal Portraits : No. 1. An English Setter

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Dr. Buchman of the Oxford Group

Frank Buchman, who cut his sixth sixtieth-birthday cake in Oxford Town Hall on Whit-Monday, is a Pennsylvania Dutch Minister of Swiss descent who favours rimless glasses, a blue suit, a hard collar and a carnation. As a youth, he ran a hospice for poor boys in Philadelphia, left after a row with the trustees, came to England and was "changed" by a service in a Lake District church. He wrote and apologised to the trustees, thereby founding the principles of the Oxford Group, which became active in 1921, and had its name pinned on by a *Cape Times* journalist in 1928. Now the Group holds considerable sway in sixty countries, especially Scandinavia and South Africa, has powerful friends in big business, the Press, and a voice in the Upper House (Lord Addington). At packed meetings of Groupers, usually in swank hotels, Frank sits obscurely at the back of the platform, interpolates in strong Philadelphian such instructions as "Speak up!" He has an immense fund of inner energy, a genius for delegating responsibility and an ear for slogans. Aiming at a "God-controlled" world, he says: "Everyone wants to see the other fellow (or nation) changed: the best place to start is yourself"

With the Services (No. 15)

The Modern "Archie"

The Predictor at Work

The warriors in this picture by Norman Parkinson are working an anti-aircraft predictor, a mechanical ganglion which works out the position of hostile aircraft, allowing for ground-speed and wind, and passes firing data to the battery by electric cable (bottom right-hand corner). The dwindling number of men who remember the methods of firing "Archie" shells in the war, when guns were directed "by guess or by God," can be sure that those days are as dead in military history as the petronel and demi-culverin. Attacking aircraft, unless they keep out of range or disable the predictor (difficult), are as doomed as the graph-paper squares on a parabola's track. Pictures of modern A.-A. gunning are continued overleaf

1. An aeroplane is sighted

2. The section commande

An aeroplane is sighted and high-powered telescopes are at once trained on to it to identify its nationality, for the R.A.F. would be annoyed if the R.A. started blazing away at them. Rapid classification of British and foreign types of machine is an important part of an "Archie" gunner's training

4. The gun is loaded and layed

The gun is loaded and layed as soon as the predictor has done its work. Meanwhile the hostile bombers have approached ten miles nearer the guns and their 30,000-feet range

5. The ammunition nu

decides to engage the target

The section commander decides to engage the target as soon as he receives the report that it is hostile. He cries "'Plane!" (an abbreviation avoided by flying men), the gun-teams acknowledge the order and swing round, the predictor starts to work

The height-finder co-operates with the predictor in the way which its name suggests: when the height of the attackers is ascertained, it is passed to the predictor and thence to the guns

Shooting aeroplanes has begun and loading (dummy shells, here) is in full swing. At the guns, fuses are set and the shells are passed up to these men on the platform. The breech is a semi-automatic type, closing of itself when the shell goes home and ejecting on the recoil

3. The height-finder co-operates with the predictor

6 (below). Shooting aeroplanes has begun

Shooting Aeroplanes

The Modern "Archie" *(Continued)*

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

The ammunition numbers stand by for the order to fire while the engines' roar becomes faintly audible in the clear sky (remember that these laying instruments are out of action on cloudy days). On the ammunition numbers depends the rate of fire, and it may be the extra round that brings another machine down

ers stand by for the order to fire

Lists and Letters for Charity

The Marquesa de Casa Maury and Lady Pamela Berry worked hard together over the organisation of the Feathers Club Gala at the Curzon, for which "Orage" was given its premiere last Wednesday

Walking over Lanarkshire hillsides was part of the Whitsun programme for Lord David Douglas-Hamilton and his fiancée, Miss Prunella Stack (below); she was staying with his parents, the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, at Dungavel, Strathaven

Whit Saturday Was Eton's Fourth of June

The Hon. Joseph Watson, fourteen this year, had his mother, Lady Manton, down for the Fourth. He is her only son. His father, Lord Manton, married Mrs. Leila Player a day or two earlier

The Earl of Harrington, who is nearly sixteen and succeeded when he was seven, also had his mother, Mrs. Luke Lillingston, to entertain on the sunny Fourth

Watching Great Britain Win the Walker Cup

The Duke of Kent, an ex-captain of the R. and A., chose one of the pleasantest Whitsun occupations in watching Great Britain win the Walker Cup from the U.S.A. for the first time in the match's history; news of which rejoiced the holiday crowds throughout the kingdom. His Royal Highness is here with Colonel Macallan, vice-president of the R. and A. Club, and the Hon. John Lowther

David Niven, screen-actor, is wood on holi- sea-blue shirt; "the off" at with "Ronnie" Cuthbert Quil-

June Steeplechasing — a Foursome at Towcester

Towcester—Mrs. Tom Bayley and the Fulke Walwyns

In the Towcester snapshot on the left are Earl Haig, Miss Eve Patrick, Mr. Evelyn Sturt, and the Hon. John Hesketh. Above are Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, with her arm in a sling, her husband, and Mrs. Tom Bayley

Whitsun Variations

Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont, striding towards you on the right, was one of Le Touquet's smartest visitors, as usual. Her suit was of Cambridge-blue corded silk

Golf at Le Touquet Was as Popular as at Easter—and Much Nicer

the English back from Holly- day, and wore a he is studying Le Touquet Quilter, Sir ter's nephew

You can tell from Lady Ann Montagu - Stuart - Wortley's light dress how nice it was at Le Touquet, but she also had a coat — in case. She is Lord Wharncliffe's daughter, came out last year

The trio above is Sir Alfred and Lady McAlpine and their daughter, "Jackie"— officially Mrs. Charles Brutton. Her trousers had cornflower - blue stripes

Photographed walking to meet her husband on the links was Mrs. Donald Cameron (right), in a tailored blue linen dress. She is a niece of Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper

Shuvendra, Taley and Abhimanyu in "Mahishasura Badha," the Slaying of the Demon

Masked Dancers

A Hindu Season at the Vaudeville

The Masked Dancers of Seraikella, making their first visit to Europe, began a short season at the Vaudeville last week. The ancient ritual dances of their mountainous State are performed by this company of twenty dancers and musicians exactly as they are given at the annual spring festival at the Maharajah's palace. The symbolic masks, made by families who have moulded them for hundreds of years, are always worn. Thus facial expression and vivid eye-play, so much a feature of the dancing of Uday Shankar and his company, are excluded from the dances of Seraikella, the stylised gestures and rhythmic movements carrying the whole interpretation of theme and legend

"Radha Krishna," a Love Dance

"Sabara," Dance of the Hunter

"Kinnara," the Divine Dancer

Dolcis Beach Beauties

From Coast to Coast these dazzling rainbow beach shoes, especially designed and sponsored by DOLCIS for nonchalant beauties, will be high-lights of summer wear. Rhapsodies in colour . . . wonderful for lounging in, these lovely beach accessories have *flair*.

DOLCIS

The World's Leading Fashion Shoe Stores

OXFORD STREET
(facing Bond Street)
Mayfair 5877

LEICESTER SQUARE
Gerrard 4296

BROMPTON ROAD
(Knightsbridge)
Kensington 6900

At Ascot you will observe that Wills's Gold Flake
is the Man's cigarette that Women like

Films of the Day

Charles Boyer in a French Film

By George Campbell

Once again the two best films of the week are foreign. *Orage* is French in all the accepted senses—well written, skilfully directed, quite beautifully acted, and concerned almost entirely with one phase of life. The mood and tempo vary; there is even a certain amount of comedy; but even this arises from one or another aspect of sexual passion.

The story is simple enough—just the old triangle with one or two new twists. An impressionable young engineer in the country begs his boss, who happens to be his brother-in-law, for leave to go and visit his sweetheart in Paris. She hasn't written for three weeks. His heart is breaking. He must go to her, or kill himself. To all of which his brother-in-law returns a light-hearted "no." But secretly the older man is worried, and since he has business in Paris himself, he consents to see the heartless young siren and put in a good word.

If you have seen any films, or even if you haven't, you know by now what will happen. The brother-in-law with the attractive young wife finds the boy's girl friend dressing in the dark, buys her a candle, and promptly falls for her charms, not too prudishly concealed. With an ordinary actress in the part, the sudden surrender of a mature man of strong character would be incredible, but Michele Morgan's fresh young beauty and gay cynicism are so enchanting that his madness, his neglect of wife and work, become not at all difficult to understand.

I won't reveal the rest of the plot. It works up, as such a story must, to tragedy, but a tragedy so adroitly contrived that you guess time will soften it into a wistful memory. A happy ending is impossible, but with one of the three eliminated, there is a chance of the other two at least finding peace.

The acting is superb. Charles Boyer is the best actor in the world in romantic drama, able to suggest adoration without moving a muscle of his face, heartbreak without a quiver of the voice. Here he has his best rôle since *Mayerling*, and his performance is quite faultless. So, it seemed to me, is Mlle. Morgan's. In *Orage* she reveals beauty and talent of a high order, and it is only a matter of months now before she takes the long, long trail to Hollywood. Jean-Louis Barrault's jealous young lover is another memorable performance in a film distinguished for the all-round excellence of the cast.

When a story is written by Damon Runyon, and called *A Slight Case of Murder*, you know what to expect, and you get it. For excitement and humour the film depends mainly on the slaying of four gangsters by a fifth, and the humour to be derived from disposing of their bodies. It sounds a bit gruesome, and is, but the writing is so funny and the direction so slick that I don't suppose many people will care.

The central figure is one Remy Marco, a bootlegger who decides to turn "legitimate" with the repeal of Prohibition, brew his own beer, and employ his gang as salesmen. Unfortunately, virtue is his sole reward. His beer is so terrible that nobody will drink it, and before long the bankers are threatening to take away his brewery. His financial crisis coincides with the theft of half a million dollars from a party of bookmakers, and the demise of four of the bandits in Marco's house. After that, it is just a matter of time before the surviving gangster will be captured and the money put by the brewer to a strictly legitimate use; but meanwhile everybody has had a lot of fun.

The situations are ingenious; Mr. Runyon's hard-boiled characters, especially a tough boy called Douglas Fairbanks Rosenbloom, are the best of company; the dialogue is extremely witty in places; and Lloyd Bacon has kept the thing moving too fast for thought, which is best for all concerned. Edward G. Robinson plays the brewer with a lot of debts and four bodies on his hands.

"A Slight Case of Murder"

Damon Runyon wrote the story, Edward G. Robinson is the star, Lloyd Bacon directed at such speed that you never (luckily) have to think. Not that the story is bad, but mad, of how a bootleg king turns legitimate brewer on Repeal, puts his henchmen into the business as salesmen. Here, with beer and dough, are Harold Huber, Allen Jenkins, Edward G., Bobby Jordan and Edward Brophy. "A Slight Case of Murder" is at the Odeon

"Blockade" is the first really serious attempt to use the Spanish Civil War for the purposes of screen fiction. A melodramatic tale of attempts to bring food through to the starving Spanish people has its exciting moments, more especially if you can believe in Madeleine Carroll as a secret agent. This department couldn't. Henry Fonda plays a peasant officer, presumably on the Government side, and John Halliday is suavely sinister as a master spy.

"L'Alibi," Pierre Chenal's French thriller, is everything that *Blockade* ought to be but isn't—well contrived, admirably under-acted by Erich von Stroheim, Louis Jouvet and Jany Holt, and amusing and exciting by turns. You will be sorry if you miss it.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 143

Déjeuner

By Charles Birkin

Illustrations by Dugo

IN contrast to the sun-baked cemented terrace that they had just left, the chill seemed to John to be too sudden to be altogether pleasant. In fact, the interior of the café could be, he thought, described most appropriately by the word "dank."

Nevertheless, he followed Wisteria obediently into the more cavernous depths, and they seated themselves on extremely uncomfortable chairs that faced each other across an ill-scrubbed table remarkable only for its squalor, and of interest only as far as the luncheon tastes of the previous occupants could be plainly reconstructed.

John was faintly pleased to observe that theirs had been the last two vacant places in the restaurant, which had that year earned, by some inexplicable freak of fate, the reputation among the younger cosmopolitans of having "the best food on the coast."

The proprietor, quick to appreciate the possibilities of the compliment paid to him by the whim of foreign ignorance, had been sufficiently clever and thrifty to leave his establishment exactly as it had been before its new-found favour. This both saved his pocket, and in some measure flattered the powers of discernment of those whose patronage he now enjoyed.

Wisteria and John sat there for a long time before anybody considered it his business to ask them theirs. At first John had made a few spasmodic efforts to obtain a match for their cigarettes, with which they were hoping to stave off the pangs of hunger, but he soon became discouraged and relapsed into a patient silence. Wisteria, for once, could not complain, or blame anybody except herself, since the idea of the luncheon had been hers, and hers alone.

John studied her as they waited. Even in the uninspiring surroundings in which they found themselves she managed to keep her look of freshness. Her eyes were very blue, and her teeth flashed white against the dark tan of her skin. The ease with which Wisteria could tan was a great source of irritation to her friends.

His inspection was interrupted by voices calling their names from the doorway, and, glancing up, he saw a party of their acquaintances being turned away regretfully by the management, with entreaties that they should return in half-an-hour's time. Wisteria favoured them with a rather smug smile.

"I don't know why you 're looking like a cat that 's just swallowed the canary," John said rudely. "A fat lot we 've got to feel pleased with ourselves about in this lousy dump."

The smug smile faded from Wisteria's face. "The food is absolutely delicious," she answered severely. "Everybody says so."

At this opportune moment a waiter finally appeared and flourished a limp menu at them. Apparently taken completely by surprise, as if it were the last thing that she had expected to happen to her, Wisteria had no suggestions to make as to her wishes; in fact, she looked as perturbed as if she had been invited to take her pick of a litter of wart-hogs. But then, her French had never been one of her strong points.

Wisteria's fingers made futile little stabbing movements at the typewritten paper. The waiter became bored, and John asked him if he had such a thing as a match. The waiter regretted, but he had no matches.

"Come along, dear," John encouraged his companion, "make up your mind. You 're keeping the gentleman waiting, and *all* the food is delicious. You told me so yourself."

Wisteria gave him a look of malice. "What is that?" she asked in English, pointing at an item halfway down the list in her hand.

"Pilaffe of chicken—it is vare good." The man whirled round on John in an interrogatory manner.

"I 'll have that too," John said, for the sake of peace. The waiter left them, and all at once Wisteria came alarmingly to life, with a string of needs, animal, vegetable, and mineral, that she called after the inattentive back of their departed attendant. John considered the possibility of expostulating with her, but decided that it was too much trouble, and they settled down for a further wait.

Presently the party that had previously been disappointed reappeared and were ushered to a vacant table. John knew, with the superior knowledge of the pioneer, that their session had barely begun.

At this point Wisteria observed that he did not appear to have very much to say for himself.

"Only that it is half-past two," he replied disagreeably, "and that at this rate of progress we shall finish lunch at six—if we 're lucky. Doubtless Mary and Kurt will wait the necessary three hours for us before leaving for the islands. It will just make their day for them."

"Well, here *is* our lunch," Wisteria said as two metal containers were bumped down in front of them.

John asked for beer and Wisteria demanded a glass of water, which her companion translated into Evian. Surprisingly, these liquids quickly appeared, and encouraged by this success, John requested a match, but was rewarded by a look of outraged disapproval. He was informed that there were none on the premises. "But couldn't you get a box?" he inquired gently. He was not hopeful, however, and presently he returned to the examination of his pilaffe.

Wisteria was already well into hers, and was giving a great display of appreciation of its succulence. John would have liked to have pointed out to her that the rice was hard in the middle, and that the hen chosen for their particular portions had surely lived out her allotted span when the Reaper claimed her; but he considered that this would be unduly depressing and discourteous.

A moment later, noticing a lull in Wisteria's gusto, he looked up from his eating to see her gazing at her plate in dismay and horror.

"What 's the matter now?"

Wisteria pointed with her fork dramatically. "Look—on my plate—there 's a disgusting old tooth!"

And sure enough there was.

The scene that ensued can be better imagined than described. Even the proprietor was awestruck by the fury of the storm that broke around his ears. He was told that his restaurant would poison pigs; that had the offending tooth been swallowed he would probably have been a murderer; that such a happening deserved to be a public scandal, and that she would make it her job to see that it would rank as such; that never in her life had she been so sickened and revolted; and that no doubt the tooth came from the mouth of some hideously diseased person. Having unburdened herself of these theories and suppositions, Wisteria said a great deal more on similar lines. The little man became abject, though a bright flame of hatred lit up his small, black eyes.

Such a thing had never before occurred—would never occur again. He himself would organise a personal inspection of the teeth of the staff, and the culprit, when found, would be dismissed; but would Mademoiselle please be so obliging as to be quieter?—the whole of his clientèle was regarding them—he would find himself

(*Concluded on page* xii)

I needn't cut down smoking

I'm keen on keeping fit. But I'm also keen on my "daily dozen" (or so!) gaspers. So when conscience and self-indulgence got to grips, I solved the problem by changing to Cooltipt. Cooltipt, you see, are wool-filtered for fitness. Fifty-per-cent of the nicotine and oils is filtered away by the cooling wool tips. So they're fifty-per-cent safer—and a hundred-per-cent satisfying...

now I smoke 'COOLTIPT'

10 *for* **6d**

ANALYST'S REPORT

TARRY MATTER (always produced by burning tobacco): Wool wads absorb twice as much as paper wads.

NICOTINE: Wool wads allow through only half as much nicotine as paper wads or cigarettes without filters.

COOLNESS: Thermometric tests scientifically confirm the marked cooling effect experienced when smoking through a wool filter tip.

Originals of these Analyst's Reports may be seen at Abdulla & Co. Ltd.

IT'S THE *WOOL THAT COOLS

* *Pure absorbent cotton-wool.*

*WOOL FILTERED FOR FITNESS

MADE BY ABDULLA & CO. LTD., 173 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Golf Clubs at Home

Exmouth, Devon

Exmouth, so well known as a holiday resort that offers sailing, fishing and bathing on the most attractive part of the Devon coast, of course offers also golf. The course, one of the oldest in the county, dates from 1885. It lies on the Orcombe Point (eastern) side of the town, about a mile from the pier. It offers three types of golf—seven holes lying on sand, five in a woodland valley, six on downland. The club-house is on the sea front

(1) K. G. Harper (captain). (2) S. Pollard. (3) E. Milford. (4) Lt.-Col. A. E. Meredith (hon. secretary). (5) Major T. Steuart-Martin. (6) T. S. Ralling. (7) S. Featherstone. (8) P. Eskell and G. R. Bradfield. (9) E. Kenyon (professional) and T. Hunt

A View of the Club-house

This is the Gin

By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1925 to 1936.

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since *1769*.

The Gin that has medicinal properties

If you value your health–insist on

Gordon's

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD., GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON *The largest gin distillers in the world*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Walker Cup

OUR first pair in the foursomes of the Walker Cup match, H. G. Bentley and James Bruen, Junr., got a far from satisfactory start. Bruen was obviously very nervous and very frightened (and who can blame him?—he is only just over eighteen years of age and was also suffering from a severe cold which he had caught on the previous Wednesday night). How shaky all the players in this match were at the start can be seen from the fact that the total number of strokes of the four players for the first four holes averaged one over five shots per green. Our men got one up at the first three-odd holes only to throw away immediately their advantage at the following hole; they took three putts on the second green from well inside their opponents, due to Bruen hitting the first putt much too hard; at the fourth our side again took three shots on the green, and at the sixth our tee shot finished in a bunker. These errors meant that our men had to work very hard, especially in the later stages of the match, to save it. We were only one down at the turn in the morning, due to Bentley, who was playing magnificently and with great courage, holding the side together. It will serve no good purpose to give the scores for the first nine holes played in this match.

Bruen's confidence was clearly returning when he holed a five-foot putt to halve the ninth and, after he had holed a long putt downhill to win the eleventh in two and square the match, he began to play his usual very good game. The Americans, John W. Fischer and Charles Kocsis, however, did the next seven holes in two under an average of four strokes per hole, came home in thirty-three and went in to lunch with the commanding lead of three holes, which they retained at the turn in the afternoon, when our side won the tenth and eleventh in 3, 2. The Americans replied with a three at the twelfth and got into the supposed awkward position of two up and five to play, and once more two up and five to play failed to win.

Bentley's previous splendid play appeared to be only "warming up" compared with the really brilliant and most courageous golf which he now let loose. At the fourteenth Fischer holed a long putt for a four, and when three up and four to play looked likely, Bentley saved the match by holing from at least five yards. Still two down and three to play, Bentley played a beautiful pitch at the sixteenth and in went Bruen's putt for a win in three. Bruen's second to the seventeenth just reached the green and then Bentley holed from about twenty yards. At the eighteenth Bruen's putt for a three and victory missed by a bee's whisker, and a point, which it was impossible to value too highly, had been saved by miraculous golf. The Americans, after standing two up and three to play, had played the last three holes in one under par and had lost two of them and so very nearly all of them.

HECTOR THOMSON and Gordon Peters always had the better of Johnny Goodman and Marvin Ward, and Crawley's long game, backed up by Pennink's short game and putting, was just good enough to win a very, very close match by two and one from Reynolds Smith and Fred Haas.

Alex. Kyle and Charles Stowe, who had been undefeated in practice, got a bad start, and it was too late when they began to apply the pressure in earnest. Their opponents, Charles Yates, the Amateur Champion, and Ray Billows, were five up at lunch and later dormie six, and then lost the next three holes, and would have lost one more if Stowe had not missed a shortish putt.

THE singles were terribly exciting, and all day long we were thanking our lucky stars, and Bentley, the hero of the foursomes, for our lead of one point, gained on the previous day.

Bruen, who had completely recovered his confidence, started well and was out in thirty-four, having missed a short putt on the fourth green to be two up. Yates, who was playing top against Bruen, looked the better golfer under any playing conditions; he was out in thirty-three and one up, and finished his morning round in seventy for a lead of three holes. Bruen, after lunch, fought bravely and, playing extremely well, managed to get one hole back before he was defeated.

At lunch-time on the last day our men led in five matches; Thomson was six up and was safe, Crawley was four up, Peters three up, and Kyle and Stowe, the defeated foursome pair, were both one up, and it was quite conceivable that we might lose four of these matches. In the three matches in which the United States held the lead, Yates was three up and safe for Yates, Ward was nine up and safe for nearly anyone, and Billows was one up.

KOCSIS versus Stowe, Billows versus Ewing, and Haas versus Kyle looked key matches; I decided to watch Kyle in the last match. Kyle never looked likely to give me the shivers; it is true that he only played perfect golf for the first nine holes (eight fours and a three at the short eighth), but this was good enough to increase his lead to three up. He was getting the right figures so easily that I marked "1" against his name and proceeded at the gallop to find another winner. I now knew that Bruen, Crawley (who had lost seven holes out of thirteen against tremendous golf by Fischer), and Pennink had lost, and that Thomson and Peters had won. News soon came back that Stowe had scrambled home in the most vital of the key matches on the thirty-fifth green, so I followed Ewing, because if he won we were home, even in the extremely unlikely event of Kyle having lost his senses, his touch and his lead.

Ewing certainly did give me the shivers; he was two up and four to play and looked safe, but he lost the fifteenth, where Billows got a three, and drove out-of-bounds at the sixteenth, and there was nothing funny in all square and two to play. He was about to play his third to the seventeenth hole when a distinguished colonel, very red in the face and breathing heavily, informed me that Kyle had refused to crack, and that Great Britain had won the Walker Cup for the first time. Ewing, with the strain now off, got his four and won the seventeenth, and, followed by the entire gallery of thousands and thousands, got his half in par at the last hole to win his match. It is true we won by seven matches to four, but, my goodness, it was a mighty close thing.

The golf generally was of a tremendously high standard, even allowing for the very easy playing conditions. If Old Man Par had played individual matches against each member of both teams he would have lost a deuce of a lot of them.

The Bar Golfing Society's Tournament at Prince's, Sandwich

Enjoying mugs of beer are the joint honorary secretaries of the Bar Golfing Society, Mr. John W. Hopkins and Mr. Maxwell Turner. Hopkins was beaten in his first match in the second round, Turner was beaten in the third

This benchful of legal powers waiting for the off are the Hon. Victor Russell, K.C., Sylvian Mayer, K.C., and Lord Drogheda. Russell beat Mayer in the second round, lost in the third to the man who beat Lord Drogheda in the second

DON'T MISS
GREYHOUND RACING'S GREATEST CLASSIC

THE GREYHOUND DERBY

SATURDAY NIGHT JUNE 25TH

at

WHITE CITY

UNDER N.G.R.C. RULES

Howard Marshall on Sport

Now that the first Test Match is over for good or ill, the next big excitement in summer sport is the Wimbledon fortnight.

Already we have heard the preliminary rumbles of gun-fire as the champions sharpen up their game; and we shall watch with particular interest Donald Budge's progress towards his ambition—the Championships of Great Britain, America, Australia and France in a single year.

Budge started quietly in the French Championships, which are still in progress as I write. He found the slow courts ill adapted for his accustomed tactics and he was run very close by F. Kukuljevic, of Jugoslavia. Even so, it was always apparent that Budge held the whip-hand and, despite the roars of an excited crowd as Kukujevic took the third and fourth sets, there was never any real doubt about the ultimate result.

Budge, in fact, must be favourite for the Men's Singles, though it is worth remembering that, in his own opinion, his most formidable rival is H. W. Austin. He feels that Austin is capable of playing well-nigh perfect lawn tennis; and it is just possible that, relieved of Davis Cup exertions and responsibilities, Austin may be in particularly dangerous mood this summer.

We shall greatly miss the charming personality and the beautiful style of Baron von Cramm, though some of his countrymen, particularly Henkel, will have to be reckoned with very seriously.

It is a great pity that the Australians will not be competing in the Men's Singles, and Wimbledon without Jack Crawford, John Bromwich and A. K. Quist will seem rather unrepresentative.

Two other absentees will be Destremeau, the young Frenchman, and Y. Petra, who are standing down from the Championships because of France's subsequent Davis Cup tie against Germany. It is a great pity that the apparently increasing importance of the Davis Cup should be interfering with Wimbledon; and I can't help feeling that it is looming rather too large nowadays in the tennis world.

We have, at any rate, some of our old friends from France to console us. The delightful Borotra, for example, and Boussus, Brugnon and young Bollelli will be playing.

In general, it does not appear that the challenge in the Men's Singles will be as severe as it sometimes is. But it may well happen that some new star will arise.

The Women's Singles are rather overshadowed by the American contingent and, on present form, Miss Alice Marble must be reckoned a very strong contender. The way she beat Mrs. Heine Miller, of South Africa, at Weybridge, was extremely convincing. She has disciplined her forehand drive and her ground play seems to be altogether more solid and impressive.

The entrants from South Africa and Australia add interest to the Women's Singles, though, from the thorough manner in which Great Britain beat Australia in a Wightman Cup rehearsal, it would seem that we need not fear the competition unduly.

We must note regretfully, moreover, that little Señorita Lizana has not found her best form this year, though she may rise to the occasion at Wimbledon.

On the face of it, we must expect Miss Marble or Mrs. Moody to go very near the Championship. But we shall not lose all hope of a surprise from one of the British entrants.

Mr. Cartwright and Miss Heeley

Mary Heeley, the English lawn tennis player who reached the third round at Beckenham last week, has announced her engagement to Tony Cartwright, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Cartwright, of Woodlands, Lowestoft. Miss Heeley is the late H. E. Heeley and Mrs. Heeley's youngest daughter, lives at Wylde Green, Warwickshire

And now, talking of international affairs, I can't refrain from a few words of praise to the British Walker Cup team. Their magnificent victory is stale news by now. But it remains a great achievement, in which the inspiring leadership of John Beck played a very large part.

Particularly pleasing was the spirit in which our golfers entered the contest. For once in a way we were full of confidence and optimism; and this, as much as anything else, spurred us to victory.

I may be imagining it but I detect a general return of confidence in British sport. Our cricketers, for example, have lost their inferiority complex, though the Test Match, which has not begun as I write, may possibly have restored it to them.

What I do like to see, too, is the way our cricket Selectors are encouraging youth. Their choice of N. W. D. Yardley, the Cambridge captain, when Hardstaff was injured, was an excellent sign of their attitude to the game. Yardley is a fine player and we may regard him as a potential England captain of the relatively near future. A few years ago, however, he would have been considered too inexperienced to be thrust into representative cricket. Our attitude now is similar to that of the Australians, who say that a good youngster can't be given his baptism of fire too soon. So often in the past we have left cricketers to languish in the County Championship until the resilience and adaptability of youth have gone.

Cricket, incidentally, has been producing some tremendous finishes lately. What about that glorious game at Taunton last week, when Somerset beat Gloucestershire by one wicket in the very last over of extra time?

This finish was made possible by Hammond's excellently judged declaration, a declaration which kept point and purpose in the game until the very last ball.

And what about Wellard's innings in that same match? He came in with 112 needed to win, seven wickets down for 172 and 65 minutes left for play. In forty minutes Wellard scored 68 out of 81 and hit six 6's and five 4's.

This will have greatly pleased those who consider Wellard by far the finest hitter in the country. He is a scientific hitter and, when we consider his fast bowling, there are many who think that a player of his type might be uncommonly useful in a four-day Test Match. He would be quite capable, if he were on form, of smashing the bowling of O'Reilly and Fleetwood-Smith.

Beating a Two-Mile Record

P. A. Major (Westminster and Cranwell) won the two miles from two other Cranwell runners in the triangular athletic competition between the Service colleges of Cranwell, Woolwich and Sandhurst. He also beat the record for the event, which this year was held at Camberley and won by Sandhurst

A Double Blue

J. M. Lomas (Charterhouse and New College) is an Oxford freshman who has already got two Blues. He played in the Soccer side last autumn and after a term's brilliant batting won his place in the Lord's team last week

FINE OLD SILVER

Like every piece of genuine silverware, this lovely castor — once the property of Viscount Anson and now in the Victoria and Albert Museum—is hall-marked, the symbols indicating that it was made by the famous Paul Lamerie in London in the year 1729-30.

HALL-MARKS OF QUALITY

The hall-mark, so to speak, of the Vintage Ale of England, is the Bass Triangle. All over the world this Triangle is famed and familiar as symbolising the highest achievement in British brewing.

Issued by Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd., Burton-on-Trent, England

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Nairn

The First Two Rounds

By Eleanor E. Helme

WRITING with only one day of the BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes behind us, it would be obviously foolish to try predictions. But one thing is already an accomplished fact, and that is the tremendous sense of enjoyment everybody feels at visiting, or re-visiting, Nairn. It may be the searching test of golf, it may be the beauty of the scenery, but I have an idea that more potent than either is the wonderful feeling of welcome and kindness and courtesy which seems the characteristic which every inhabitant of the place possesses, and takes the trouble to show to mere visitors. Your lightest wish is anticipated by somebody or other, all day long kindnesses are being done to you. And long the days are in this lovely north of Scotland. Here I am, at twenty to ten in the evening, sitting down to write by the light of the sun, which is still shining brightly some way above the horizon; I fully expect to go to bed without need of artificial light. The temptation to go out motoring instead of staying in writing is only conquered by the really exciting day's golf there is to describe.

First of all, the weather. Fine, to be sure, which was fortunate, because no umbrella could have lived in the gale: beautiful beyond dispute, the colour of the firth, of the hills, of the sky quite indescribable; but windy to such an extent that even seasoned champions admitted it to be past a joke. The sand whirled out of bunkers: one has experienced that before, but I never remember seeing a cloud, as if a sandstorm raged, blowing off a ploughed field. It did that beside the tenth and thirteenth holes. You could hardly keep your eyes open, much less on the ball; conversation was impossible; you could only stand by leaning against the wind. If some players had air shots (and such a thing was whispered to me), it was not surprising; the amazement was that anybody could play as well as some people did. It was a cross, southerly wind, helping everyone to slice, its only merit comparative warmth.

THE first ball of the event was struck by Mrs. Mungo Park, and a right good ball it was, hit low with plenty of run, as befitted so knowledgeable an ex-veteran champion. She and her partner had one stroke to give to Miss Walker, whose golf is largely played in Middlesex, and Miss Saggers, of Royal Blackheath, and they won by 5 and 4, following up that win in the afternoon by giving seven and winning by 8 and 6 from Miss Caird and Miss E. M. Campbell, who were no doubt worn out by having gone to the nineteenth in the morning after being dormie one.

A few couples behind them was a match which at one point—or rather, for the first dozen holes—looked like providing a major sensation, for Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Ramsey, joint handicap 4, giving six strokes to Miss M. E. Hendry and her cousin, were two down at the turn. They only went away with a rush when the homeward journey put the wind on their right shoulder, always the worst of all points on which to feel it. Robbed of her usual partner, Miss Bell, who was only partially recovered from a motor accident, the Miss Hendry who drove against Miss Anderson had good reason to be pleased with their respective lengths, and both of them with taking the match to the fifteenth. In the afternoon Miss Anderson's side had obviously tired opponents in Miss Macmillan and Mrs. D. R. Macdonald, for even giving ten strokes the margin was considerable. That pair had done well in the morning—6 and 5 level from Mrs. Cook and Miss Munro, of Murrayfield.

In the gale it was perilously easy for a match to become runaway; all the more credit, therefore, to those who went to the nineteenth, such as Mrs. MacLellan and Miss Macdonald, who won there from Mrs. Rodger and Miss Carlyle, and later in the day Miss Pamela Gray and Miss Ross, who nearly threw away what had appeared a safe win from Mrs. Gordon Fraser and Mrs. Scott. And talk of nineteenth and Miss Gray, brings us to her famous sister, Mrs. Andrew Holm, who was playing with Mrs. F. W. Stewart, back from Ceylon, playing on half a fat handicap, and with every now and again a flash of the old brilliance that was hers when she was

(Concluded on page 448)

Mrs. D. MacLean and Miss Call (Inverness) beat Miss B. B. Walker and Miss Betty Walker (Troon) in the first round. Then they lost to Mrs. Holm and Mrs. Stewart, a nineteen-hole match

Mrs. A. W. Ballantine (Balmore) and Miss K. Clark (Troon) beat Miss Y. Gray and Miss M. Galloway (Troon) in the second round. In the fourth round they were beaten by Miss Weir and Mrs. Blair

Miss M. Macgill (Murrayfield) and Miss W. Drysdale (Moray) lost in the first round to Mrs. J. Scouler-Buchanan and Miss E. Scouler-Buchanan (Moray), who were one of the losing semi-finalist couples

Mrs. Rodger and Miss Carlyle (Greenock) were defeated in the first round by Mrs. A. S. MacLellan (Troon) and Miss M. E. Macdonald (Kilmalcolm)

Monte Carlo Beach is a self-contained town built down on the Sea a short distance from Monte Carlo itself. There are Hotels where every room has a balcony with the sea only a few feet below, a Swimming Pool with an amusing luncheon restaurant at the edge of it, and a Summer Sporting Club where Dinner, Dancing, Cabaret and Gambling all take place in the open air. There is deep-water bathing off rocks, motor-boating and water-ski-ing, tennis at the Country Club near-by, and Golf high up on Mont Agel. The hotel "pension tournante," which applies both to the Beach Hotels and to the famous Hotel de Paris, provides for lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting Club if desired. Further particulars and every assistance can be obtained from the Monte Carlo Information Bureau, 1, Rue Scribe, Paris.

"Bystander" Scottish Foursomes at Nairn *(Continued from page 446)*

Miss Lena Scroggie and a real power in Scottish golf.

IN the morning these two, playing off six, had three strokes to give to an excellent and much-fancied couple with all the knowledge of their home course behind them, Mrs. Whitelaw and Miss Haldane. It was these who won the first hole, and having got over their little excursions on to the seashore (which might happen to anybody in the gale), chased the great pair with the utmost determination and good golf as far as the seventeenth. In the afternoon Mrs. Holm's side had to give six strokes to an Inverness couple, Mrs. MacLean and Miss Call. By then, with the turn of the tide, the wind had dropped a little, and this pair tackled the business with a persistence which was quite splendid. At first they did not seem to have the best of luck; at the sixth Miss Call's putt went into the hole and came out again; at the eighth Mrs. MacLean's did the same. However, she nearly holed a huge putt from the outskirts of the green at the ninth, and won that hole; when they were down in one putt to win the eleventh with a stroke (Mrs. Holm had chipped dead out of a bunker in vain), the match was square. At the twelfth Mrs. MacLean put her pitch dead, Mrs. Stewart missed a short putt, and that was one up to Inverness. Square at the next, one up at the next, square at the next, a half at the sixteenth, in spite of having no stroke and paying a visit to the burn, Inverness won the seventeenth, where there was a stroke to make up for Mrs. Stewart pitching stone dead, and were dormie one. They were squared at the eighteenth. This was all breath-taking, if one had any left to be taken after the morning. The nineteenth was even more so, for first Mrs. MacLean as near as nothing holed a long run-up; Mrs. Stewart, by now with all the old fight raised in her, then put one three yards from the pin; Mrs. Holm just ran past the hole, and so stymied Miss Call at some five-foot range; Miss Call touched the hole, but did not drop, and that was Mrs. Holm and Miss Stewart through by the skin of their teeth, to give nine strokes to Mrs. and Miss Scouler-Buchanan next morning.

OPINION seemed to be that the best golf of the day, taking into consideration the quality of the opposition, was played by Mrs. Greenlees and Mrs. Marr. The latter keeps her head down just as well and truly now as she did when she was Miss Hilda Cameron, twice runner-up in the Scottish; it is an education in self-control, just as Mrs. Greenlees' lovely swing is to those in search of golf which fills the eye with content.

After a morning walk-over they had no fewer than eight strokes to give to that very determined golfer, Miss Jean Stuart, whose sister was once Hon. Sec., Scottish L.G.A., and Miss Stokes, formerly a Midlands player. They followed a path of great rectitude, and at this moment, if I had to name my fancy, I might be rash enough to light on them. Mrs. Marr can, of course, meet her sister, Miss M. Cameron, and Mrs. Wallace in the final, for they are still surviving, but these are uncomfortably near in the draw to the back-markers, Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson Durham, who survived a determined rally on the part of Miss Fyshe and Miss Boultbee Brooks, to whom they were giving six in the second round.

Mrs. Whitelaw and Miss M. E. Haldane, a Nairn couple, were beaten by Mrs. Andrew Holm (Troon) and Mrs. F. W. Stewart (St. Rule). The latter pair lost next morning to the Scouler-Buchanan combination

A Gleneagles couple, Mrs. E. M. Thomas and Mrs. G. K. Moffat, met a Baberton couple, Mrs. W. R. Milne and Miss C. Corstorphine, in the final round

BUT here am I back at this winner-picking business, which is so foolish. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Mrs. Eckford Wallace having given three strokes and a 6 and 5 beating to that good Northumberland pair, Mrs. and Miss Neilson, may well take some stopping, and there are Mrs. Rhodes and Miss L. B. Clark, the holders, who beat Mrs. Cumming and Miss Woodburn. They may have some difficulty with that promising Girls' Championship competitor, Jean McIntyre, and Miss Hazel McGlashan in the next round, but if practice is worth anything, then they deserve to win, since, before playing, Mrs. Rhodes struck putts for two solid hours by the clock on this wild and windy morning.

Mrs. Fleming and Miss Herbert are going strong; so are those two young sisters, Miss Shena and Miss Valentine Urie. There are so many possibilities: I can only repeat that the one certainty is enjoyment of Nairn.

P.S.—Posting this early next morning, I see blue hills bathed in sunshine and not a breath of wind. Nairn has been kind again.

Miss M. Crawford talked to a pair of partners, Miss Cecilia Mayo (Beaconsfield) and Miss M. W. Crawford (Gullane), on the first tee

Miss Jean Hill and Miss M. Drew came from Troon to play together; with them is Miss H. Ross (Longniddry), whose partner was Miss Pamela Gray

At Wimbledon—
as at other social
centres of attraction—
there can be only one
way of adding to the
enjoyment of the
occasion—a drink of
cool, delicious
refreshing...

KIA-ORA

For an appetiser—mix a "GINORA"—
Short Drink—½ KIA-ORA ORANGE, ½ Gin: shake; serve cold.
For a long drink — add soda.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A. G. Macdonell Hits Out

By Alan Thomas

MR. A. G. MACDONELL has taken off the gloves. Hitherto he has treated us to some more or less friendly sparring. Now he lets fly, and the expression on his face as he does so is anything but friendly. The title of his new book, *The Autobiography of a Cad* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), gives little clue to what the author has to say to us. The work of a penitent? The confession of a bounder who wants to explain himself so that the world may understand and pardon? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, this is the statement of one who is conscious of duty done, who is anxious to tell us that "if a man clings fast to what he believes to be the Right and the Truth, he cannot fail in the end to win the only prize which is worth winning, and that prize is Peace within himself." In other words, this is one of the bitterest satires imaginable on what is still thought of in these days as the governing class in England, the Conservative-Capitalist, right-thinking only in the sense that they are not left-thinking. The "gentleman" who has presented the world with his autobiography for the moral it contains is one Edward Percival Fox-Ingleby, of good, solid, upper-class stock. Having at a comparatively early age been left an estate and a vast fortune, he proceeds to live the life which those who know no better might conceive to be that of a gentleman. After acquiring at Eton and Oxford the friendship of those who share his outlook (and, after all, what on earth is the point of going to Eton and Oxford unless it be to acquire the right kind of friends?), he places himself in the van of the jeunesse dorée of Edwardian London. His setting is a suite in Albany and a love-nest for his passing fancy up in Maida Vale. A life of pleasure lived at the expense of others; the life, in fact, of a gentleman. And then comes the war. With that unerring instinct for honourable self-preservation, our hero does all he can to urge others to fight, while he himself retains a cushy job at home (not forgetting to lay his hand on one or two good-looking foreign decorations). These pseudo-patriots who talked loudest and at the same time quietly feathered their nests were a familiar enough type: and Mr. Macdonell has little mercy on them.

After the war, comes—or should have come—the period of reconstruction. Instead, what do we find? Nothing but selfishness and indifference to the lessons which we should have learnt. "The only detail of those post-war international politics of the world which moved us to any sort of emotion was the League of Nations, and the only emotion to which the League moved us was laughter."

A. G. Macdonell

Robin Guthrie made this sketch of "Archie" Macdonell, whose new novel, "The Autobiography of a Cad," is reviewed this week

Well, the world is paying for that laughter now. And so, through a series of scandalous operations, Fox-Ingleby at last attains Cabinet rank. It is not possible to enumerate here all the targets on which Mr. Macdonell scores his bulls—to say nothing of the views expressed on women. A book, page after page of which is compounded of the most devastating satire, is not calculated to make the complacent reader happy. (Who wants to make complacent people happy, anyway?) But to those who care for the decencies of life—as opposed to the execrable doctrines of national self-interest—*The Autobiography of a Cad* will be sheer delight. Incidentally, it is also a very fearless piece of writing—which inevitably means that it will be a much-discussed book and doubtless one of the sensations of the season.

MARJORIE BOOTH'S new novel, *Thunder Hill* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a study in remorse—the remorse that comes upon Roger for committing an act of infidelity during his engagement to Claire. The lady he committed it with—one Angela—was not worth the bed (or was it a sofa?) that she lay upon. She was one of the "poor little me" type who make a bound for anything in trousers. (In mitigation, it may be said that she had a truly awful mother.) Anyway, Roger committed this act, and his marriage with Claire was in serious jeopardy—especially as Brian, a wealthy young artist, was on hand to carry Claire off the moment she would give the word. But Roger was the loved one—and Claire married him. And then, of course, Angela must turn up again, with the old, old story. Roger was distracted, and remorse seized him, so that in order to free Claire he sent her an hotel bill showing that he had spent the night with yet another lady. And it was not till fourteen years later (the old love, of course, was still alive) that explanations were forthcoming, a re-marriage took place, and all ended—unhappily. This is a sincerely told story, with excellent characterisation and a sustained interest. I think there are places where Miss Booth has not availed herself to the full of the ironic situation she has created. But the stuff of tragedy is there all right.

"I SHOULD HAVE STAYED AT HOME" (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is yet another cautionary tale about Hollywood; and the moral of it all is in the title. Its author, Mr. Horace McCoy, is a scenario-writer: so he should know. The young man who didn't stay at home went to Hollywood instead for a film test, and was turned down because of his Southern accent. He stayed on, because in Hollywood miracles happen, "and may be to-day, may be the next minute, some director would pick him out, passing by." So as a movie extra he sponges on a girl till his chance really comes. An elderly nymphomaniac will arrange for him to become a star if he will accept her terms. But at the last moment he jibs. The price is too stiff even for him, and he returns to haunt Hollywood boulevard, where the movie miracles happen. It is a violent and bitter book in which good deeds are rare enough to shine like beacons in the midst of a morass of filth and viciousness. Mr. McCoy is careful to spare his readers nothing. Some of his descriptions of the more erotic of Hollywood's diversions are about as savoury as rancid meat.

ON which somewhat unsuitable note, ladies and gentlemen, I make my bow and retire. Next week someone else will take on the job of minding this Bookshelf. Salute, then, to my successor. And to you, dear unknown reader, good-bye!

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Planning a summer wardrobe on a limited income is a fascinating occupation, as it involves considerable skill if the result is to be really good. Tailored lines are, generally speaking, preferable to the more fussy type of dress which is only suitable for certain occasions, and this year there is a strong feeling for simple frocks enlivened by amusing accessories such as boleros, wide "cummerbund" sashes, and all kinds of "chunky" jewellery. A delightful dress and bolero in a printed silk and wool fabric is shown on the right from Jay's, Regent Street. The black and white design is neatly traced in horizontal lines, while the top of the dress is in plain black crêpe with groups of sunray tucking. A black belt and carved wood buttons add the finishing touches to this charming model, which only costs ten and a half guineas in the ready-to-wear department, on the second floor

Light-Headed for Summer

Perfection in hats is one of the secrets of good dressing, and this year it should not be difficult to attain as there is such infinite variety. A plate of what look like strawberries and cream is shown for Ascot. The fruit is in red velvet and the cream is achieved with pieces of white kid cut into irregular chunks. Another charming model to wear with a picture frock is no larger than a tea-cup saucer, covered in mauve silk and massed with sprays of the same shade of lilac. It perches well forward and is held by an elastic, while a veil hangs down the back

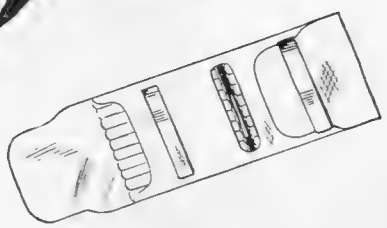
Scott Bushe

Delightful as they may appear, these eccentric hats are only suitable for very special occasions, and the more simple shapes which can be worn day in day out are the basis of a summer wardrobe. A charming trio for sunny days is pictured on this page from Henry Heath, 172, New Bond Street. Natural baku is used for the Breton sailor at the top of the page. It has a shallow crown, and the upturned brim is trimmed with dark brown felt motifs. Below is a shady hat to wear with print frocks. It is made of the same straw and has insertions of brown petersham worked in turreted lines. A man's Homburg is shown at the bottom of the page, in paper panama with a petersham band. It costs 49s. 6d. and has a tall crown creased along the top. This firm also have a pull-on hat in paper panama for two guineas. The crown can be tucked in various ways, or else cut to fit the head perfectly, and the brim is adjustable. It is trimmed with a clip-on petersham band which is available in several colours

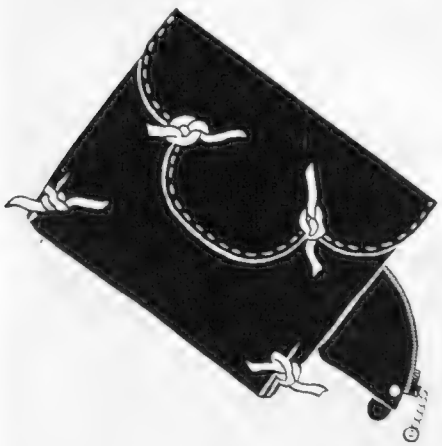
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

Brighten your beach clothes with amusing accessories from Ships of Lansdowne Row. The gilt bracelet above is threaded with various different coloured fish and costs 45s., while the scarf for 25s. is equally gay. It is made of fine wool and can be worn either on the head or round the neck

Give yourself one of the new Treasure bags like the one below from Revelation. It costs 25s. 6d. and is obtainable in coloured suède, calf, or white peccary. A small purse for loose change is concealed in the side gusset, and pulls out when necessary, as the sketch shows

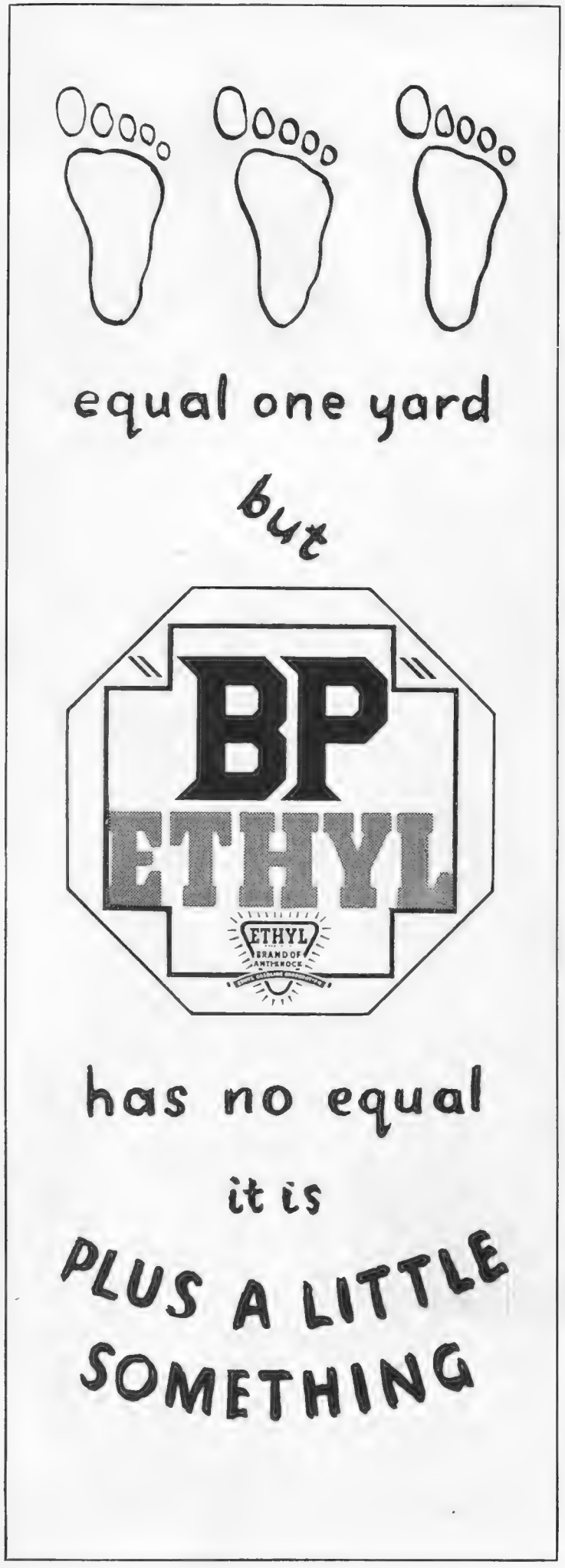


Chain-smokers will appreciate this "Double Ten" cigarette case from Revelation, 170, Piccadilly. It is available either in pigskin or pin seal, and costs seven and sixpence. The "peep-hole" half-way shows whether or not the case needs refilling



Mother-of-pearl shells threaded on silk braid make this fascinating necklace from Ships. It costs 17s. 6d. and is accompanied by a bracelet for 8s. 6d. and a hair clip in the shape of a starfish for 6s. 6d. The combined trio would lend distinction to the plainest beach frock or play-suit

Tie this gaily printed cotton handkerchief round your head, add the detachable brim in coarse black straw, and you have a charming beach hat from H. J. Nicoll, of Regent Street. It costs 32s. 6d. and can be worn minus the brim on dull days, or swathed as a turban for more formal occasions



Air Travel de Luxe

By Charles Ward

THE first two of a fleet of air-liners, each of 21 tons weight, are due for delivery to Imperial Airways from the makers, Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft. "Ensign" has been on the stocks for a year or two, and is the prototype of thirteen others which will be in service by the middle of next year. It is built entirely of metal, except for fabric on small portions of the monoplane wing. Span is 123 feet and trailing-edge flaps are fitted to reduce landing speed and aid take-off. Power is obtained from four Armstrong Siddeley "Tiger" engines, totalling 3600 horse-power. Three big cabins and a "promenade," also a feature of the "Empire" flying-boat, are provided for forty passengers on European routes and twenty in the East, where bunks for night travel will be installed. There is an uninterrupted view downwards, from the cabins, an advantage of considerable value in selling luxury air services.

EIGHT of the "Ensigns" are to be used on the route to India, from which more than 200 tons of mail alone have to be carried next year. There is to be a reorganisation of Imperial's subsidiary company in India, whose title is Indian Transcontinental Airways. Instead of the section Karachi-Singapore, this company will fly from Calcutta to London, using four of the "Ensigns." Indian personnel will be employed, as and when such become available. Since the beginning of 1935, Imperial Airways has ordered aircraft to the value of £3,500,000 sterling. In addition to the "Ensigns" and the thirty-one "Empire" class flying-boats, there are three de H. "Albatross" monoplanes, seven "Diana" type medium speed liners, the Short-Mayo "Composite," eight "Empire" boats to carry a bigger load, and three ocean-going flying-boats, larger still.

THE King's Cup Race will take place at Hatfield on Saturday, July 2nd, the day also chosen for the Trent Park garden-party. The two places are relatively close, and therefore those who desire to be present at both will be able to do so by missing part of the fun at each. A week ago there were twenty-two entries for the Race, including three Mews "Gulls," four "Gulls" of other types, three Comper "Swifts," a de H. "Comet," five "Hawks" of different ratings, two Parnall "Hecks," the T.K.2 from the de H. Technical School, a "Cygnet" and two of the B.A. type from Hanworth, each using two Gipsy majors. Two engines, a Cirrus major in a "Gull" and a Pobjoy "Niagara" in a "Swift" compete with a field otherwise composed of Gipsys.

IT is of interest to note that most of the aircraft used by eleven companies operating domestic air-lines are de Havilland "Rapides" or "Expresses." Not one of these companies receives a direct subsidy, though a few carry mails. Jersey Airways connects five airports on the mainland with the Channel Islands in an hour or so. North Eastern Airways links London with the whole of Scotland, and it is possible to leave Holland, Belgium or France at lunch-time, arriving at the Glasgow Exhibition the same evening. From countries farther afield, such as Sweden or Italy, a departure must be made early in the morning. Summer schedules indicate an increased route mileage of 500 over last season. The Air Ministry is still considering the form of support which it will give to home airways.

Refuelling an R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve 'plane. Pilots are recruited for a limited period and trained, mostly at week-ends, on elementary types, such as the Tiger "Moth" illustrated

How fast is speed ?

A WOLSELEY 12/48 is not only very fast for its rating (as you can imagine with 48 b.h.p. under your foot) but it corners and rides so exceptionally well* that its natural cruising speed is much greater than it even appears to be. That is real speed—that is true performance. Like you — Wolseley Motors Ltd. are realists. They realize that you want to drive 5 people from here to there at a consistently high speed, without strain on either yourself or the car, and in quiet, restful comfort. That is what the Wolseley "12/48" has been designed to do, and that is why its true performance is higher than most other cars of its rating. After all, the only fair way to judge a Wolseley car is to drive it yourself . . . .

*The Wolseley 12/48 is pre-eminently steady at all speeds, due to its "phased suspension." Not only is the weight of the car skilfully distributed in relation to the wheelbase to ensure fast cornering, but the front and rear springs heterodyne one another, flattening out road bumps and preventing bouncing and swaying. Wolseley cars give the smoothest possible ride even at high speeds on poor surfaces.

The Wolseley 12/48 saloon is priced from **£245.** Dunlops, Triplex glass and Jackalls of course . . .

Wolseley 12/48 h.p.

BUY WISELY - BUY WOLSELEY

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The 14-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Six-Light Saloon
Mr. Hess deals with it this week

ON March 9th I wrote in the BYSTANDER about the threat to reliability trials, conveyed by the Ministry of Transport's request to the Royal Automobile Club to look into the matter of the conduct of such motoring competitions, with a view to minimising annoyance to the general public. Nothing very definite appears to have been done since then, but trials competitors will be heartened to learn that the War Office has just sanctioned motor-cycling events of a similar nature as part of the set military training of certain units. Apparently it is proposed that the military authorities shall promote trials of their own for their men and, in addition, that they shall enter teams for important outside events, such as the International Six Days' Trial.

Undoubtedly such action on the part of the Army will set the seal of approval upon this aspect of motoring sport. After all, this sort of thing has gone on in Germany for many years past. Indeed, much of that classic motor-racing handbook, *Motoring Sport*, by Hans Stuck and E. G. Burgaller, is devoted to the part played in the mechanisation of modern German army units by events such as these, and in an important chapter contributed to this book by Col. Hauptmann Werner, of the Reichswehrministerium, this expert writes:

"The military authorities have noted with warm approval that the automobile associations and institutions of Germany, both those of a military sporting nature and the civil ones, recognise the great importance of this branch of sport and now propose to include it in their programmes."

As this book was published in Germany about four years ago, the recent decision of our War Office to incorporate similar methods in the training of certain of *our* military units from now on may be regarded either as a timely recognition of the merits of this form of sport—or as history repeating itself.

WITH typical whimsicality, the Brooklands authorities have announced that the Vickers' Bridge Corner, on the Campbell road circuit, has been renamed "Howe's Corner." This corner is the one at which Lord Howe crashed during the first race run over this circuit last May. Since this accident it has been found that this particular corner has invariably been referred to as Howe's Corner, and the Brooklands Automobile Club have decided, therefore, with Lord Howe's permission, to give the name official recognition. I can see the idea extending to our highways before long. There is one particular cross-roads I know which may yet come to be known as the Brown-Smith-Robinson crossing!

THAT was a novel idea hit upon recently by Rootes, Ltd., to incorporate an exhibition of Thrupp and Maberley Coachwork with a mannequin display by Fortnum and Mason.

The only snag, of course, is that in referring to the bodies one admired there, one lays oneself wide open to all sorts of misconstruction! Speaking strictly automobilistically, I saw very many bodies which made my mouth water.

The Sedanca de Ville on a Rolls-Royce Phantom III. chassis struck me as worthily

(Concluded on page x)

BELGIUM

Famous cities; up-to-date seaside resorts; forty miles of bathing beaches; the beautiful Ardennes Country . . . adjoining there is the historic and scenic Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.

REDUCED FARE FACILITIES
including 5 and 15-day Season Tickets on the Belgian Railways.

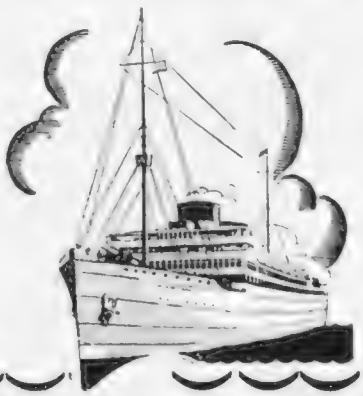
Full particulars obtainable from Continental Traffic Manager, L·N·E·R, Liverpool St. Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71 Regent Street, W.1; L·N·E·R Stations, Offices and Tourist Agencies.

VIA HARWICH

ANTWERP — Nightly except Sundays

ZEEBRUGGE — Summer Service

L·N·E·R



£1:13:9 (CANADA £1:11:5) SENDS

THE BYSTANDER to a friend overseas

For a friend in a foreign country or in the Colonies, there is no greater joy than to receive THE BYSTANDER every week—full of news and exciting pictures of home. For the modest sum above, our Publisher will dispatch for you for twenty-six weeks — no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

A note to the Publisher 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, or a request to your regular Newsagent, and the deed is done for you.

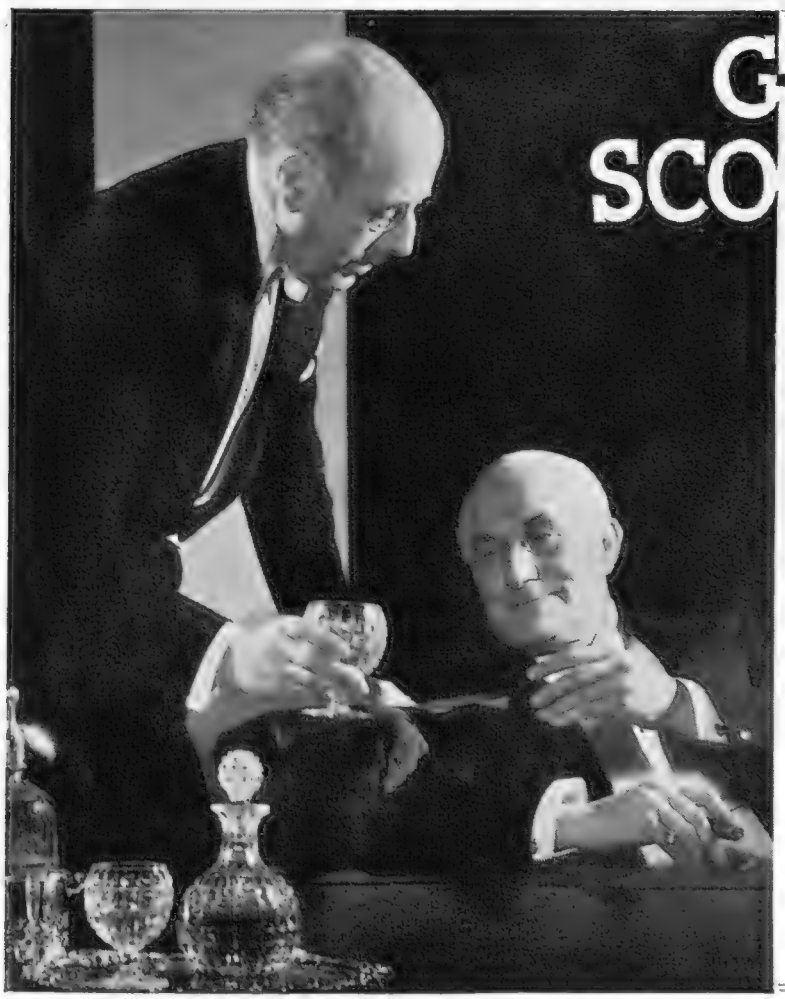
25/30 H.P.

"My experience shows me that few cars—not of course including the ultra small ones—can be run more cheaply. Anyone who can produce the necessary capital to buy a 25/30 Rolls-Royce would find that repair bills, petrol, oil and tyre outlay are ridiculously small, whilst it is one of the few motor cars which has a constant second-hand value, and when depreciation is taken as a percentage of the capital, I doubt if any other car can show a lower figure."—*Sphere*

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 · MAYFAIR 6201



GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

Aged · Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive ·

BY HOST · BY GUEST · BY ALL PREFERRED!

WM. GRANT & SONS LTD. - DISTILLERS - DUFFTOWN - SCOTLAND

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1

Complete COMFORT *for Seven People*

★

The interior of the Chrysler Custom Imperial is exceptionally roomy owing to its very long wheelbase (12 ft. between the axles) with seating comparable in height and comfort to your own armchair.

For special occasions, such as a theatre party, you can seat 9 grown-ups in comfort.

This model is unsurpassed in dignity of appearance, and we would appreciate the privilege of arranging to demonstrate the car to you and your friends.

Our 'phone number is—Prospect 3456.
Our address is—Chrysler Motors Ltd.,
Kew Gardens, Surrey.
Chrysler Distributors all over the country are anxious to be of service to you.

Chrysler

CHRYSLER CUSTOM IMPERIAL	LIMOUSINE £975	7-SEATER SALOON £935
CHRYSLER ROYAL.....	LIMOUSINE £610	7-SEATER SALOON £570
CHRYSLER WIMBLEDON.....	LIMOUSINE £540	7-SEATER SALOON £500

Whit Monday Racing at Brooklands

W. S. Bennett won the Gold Star race at Brooklands in front of a big Whit Monday crowd; his Alta, the only supercharged car in the race, is here on Members' Hill turn

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page viii)*

representative of the art of the coachbuilder at its highest, while my eye was also captivated by a strikingly beautiful grey Touring Limousine body on another Phantom III. chassis in which H.R.H. Queen Maude of Norway was also to be seen taking more than a passing interest.

AMERICAN "Big Time" Racing has been passing through some vicissitudes, to judge by recent communications I have received from the U.S.A. It appears that dissatisfaction exists at the unethical way in which some promoters over there expect the lesser lights to take disproportionate risks in their racing, by using tracks which have fallen into such a state of disrepair that they are no longer safe for high speed. Efforts are being made in the States to put a stop to the activities of these promoters, which certainly seems to be a step in the right direction.

By the way, one of the latest courses to be constructed in America and quite one of the most lavishly appointed, has proved a sorry flop. I refer to the Roosevelt Raceway. This course recently reverted to the ownership of Roosevelt Field Inc., the original owners of the land on which it was constructed at tremendous cost. Since repossessing themselves of the track, this company has advanced various schemes for the continuance of racing there on a grand scale, but up to the time of writing nothing definite has eventuated. A number of projects are still the subject of discussions, but the necessary finance has not yet been found to enable them to materialise.

On the other hand, the city officials of Daytona Beach, Florida, plan to stage a come-back to motor racing and have made provisions in their annual budget for a race of major importance to be run there next winter. I am told that the beach road has been widened and the run-ways connecting it with the famous beach-speedway have been greatly improved. It is hoped to attract a number of entries from this country as the race will take place during what is generally regarded over here as the "close season."

THE 14-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley Six-Light saloon strikes me as being absolutely the ideal car for a lady. It is sweetness and simplicity personified—and I use that word advisedly, for this car has very tangible personality. Economy, good looks, an eagerness for work and a delicacy of touch characterise this car. It is suitable alike for pottering around town, spending your husband's hard-earned money, and for long journeys at the week-end, when he wants to be whisked away from his consequent business worries as swiftly and as safely as possible.

The week-end I had the use of this car, I did over three hundred miles in pouring rain—to Shelsley Walsh and back in one day—and I never once felt the vestige of a skid, notwithstanding the fact that I was driving fast the whole time. The brakes are absolutely first-rate—they are semi-servo on all wheels—and the general road-holding and handling was an absolute revelation to me.

The Armstrong Siddeley Balanced Drive transmission, which enables one to stop in gear with the engine running, the clutch engaged and the next gear pre-selected, is a boon in traffic and this system has the additional advantage of doing away altogether with a change-speed lever which means that there is much more room than usual for the front-seat occupants. I found the hand-brake lever a little awkwardly placed to my right leg when driving—which seems unnecessary when there is so much room to spare—but that is a carping criticism, the very nature of which really serves as a compliment to the car, since it forms my *only* criticism.

The price of this dignified yet energetic little limousine is only £320 and it is, in my submission, a fine example of what this country can do in the production of high-quality cars whose performance belies their low horse-power.

FAMOUS FOR COMFORT

The under-mentioned Hotels are renowned for competent and courteous service, excellent food, good wines and congenial surroundings. All hotels have central heating (adjustable), every modern amenity and are fully licensed.

GRAND, SCARBOROUGH

METROPOLE, BLACKPOOL

EMPIRE, BATH

GRANVILLE, RAMSGATE

VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON

Come to **NORTHERN IRELAND** for a **GOLFING HOLIDAY**

Northern Ireland is famous for Golf as well as Scenery. The leading Hotels are :—
MIDLAND STATION HOTEL, BELFAST.
Belfast's foremost Hotel. Ideal centre for Northern Ireland.
NORTHERN COUNTIES HOTEL, PORTRUSH.
Close to Royal Portrush Golf Club. Indoor Seawater Swimming Pool.
Write for Hotels Tariff Booklet to:—The Manager, LMS—NCC Railway, Dept. K, York Rd., Belfast.
THREE ROUTES BY LMS VIA HEYSHAM, STRANRAER AND LIVERPOOL

Lucerne

SWITZERLAND'S "HOLIDAY CAPITAL"
"A DREAMLAND CITY REALISED."
Planned for Health, Pleasure and Sport
Superb Lake and Mountain Scenery.
SUMMER 1938:
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC FESTIVAL

FASCINATING LAND OF MANY CONTRASTS

See for yourself this friendly, colourful land with its wealth of interest—historical towns, medieval castles, picturesque villages and costumes—beautiful mountain, forest and lake scenery. Whether your choice be modern hotel or modest inn, a warm welcome awaits you and unlimited opportunities for recreation and sport.

GRAND CIRCULAR TOUR
16 DAYS 25 GNS-
CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT
Arranged in conjunction with Cedok Ltd.
Ask for details from the London and Provincial offices of :—
Pickfords Travel Service, Polytechnic Touring Association Ltd., The Wayfarers' Travel Agency Ltd., Workers' Travel Association, Ltd., Dean & Dawson Ltd., Frames Tours Ltd., Hickies Tours Ltd., Lunns (Sir Henry Lunn) Ltd.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Scotland is Different . . .

YOU have heard all about the high-spots of Scottish scenery—moorland and torrent; frowning precipice and glimmering loch; grim castle, or little village in the glen where the tradition of centuries is unbroken. But you will find (if you have only *heard* about such things) that their reality is more wonderful than you would have guessed.

You will find, also, much that you have neither heard of nor guessed—for instance, some such sequestered scene as our picture reveals. For this land is full of surprises. A Cheap Monthly Return Ticket brings Scotland within your reach. You have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

In many parts of Scotland you can get "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/-, and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies: "*Scotland for the Holidays.*" "*Land of Scott and Burns.*" "*Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond.*" "*Through the Trossachs.*"

L·N·E·R "THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK" 6d.
L M S "SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" 3d.

MOTOR CARS *accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at reduced rates*

VISIT THE
EMPIRE EXHIBITION, GLASGOW
MAY to OCTOBER

STAY AT L·N·E·R OR LMS HOTELS

L·N·E·R · LMS

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL!

Déjeuner

(Continued from page 438)

a ruined man. No, Mademoiselle would not be quiet. It was only right that everybody should know of the monstrous discovery. Monsieur was in despair. If he could recompense Mademoiselle in some way . . . he had a wife, children, dependent upon him for their very existence. Wisteria remarked that he should have considered them before serving customers cannibal dishes, and that his family had been very lucky not to have suffered torture at the hands of their sinister head. Mademoiselle was hardly a sympathetic one.

But even the greatest of tempests must blow itself out eventually, and in the course of time John found himself following a flushed and exhausted Wisteria into the radiant sunshine, where the brittle beauty of the Riviera lay before them.

"I think you were a little hard on the poor man," he ventured at last.

But Wisteria did not answer—her tongue was searching a corner of her mouth. She looked at John in sudden dismay, and he caught her meaning. Both were speechless at the horror that had come upon them.

The question of teeth was never raised again—nor was the story ever told to their friends. It is only now that Wisteria is happily married to a farmer in New Zealand that I have felt myself at liberty to give it to the world.

Some shame is too bitter.

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

May Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Shields	Banstead Downs	76	13	63	73	10 below
Mrs. O. D. Griffiths	Wakefield	78	15	63	73	10 "
Mrs. L. Smelt	Hawkstone Park	81	14	67	75	8 "
Miss D. Cumberlege	Ashford Manor	77	8	69	76	7 "
Mrs. A. Bristowe	Woking	77	11	66	73	7 "
Mrs. M. Bates	Stockport	83	17	66	73	7 "
Miss E. Hargreaves	Congleton	71	9	62	68	6 "
Miss N. Pim	Belton Park	81	14	67	73	6 "
Miss E. Crowther	Olton	82	15	67	73	6 "
Mrs. S. Walton	Lowestoft	85	16	69	75	6 "
Mrs. R. Wren	Aldershot Command	83	16	67	73	6 "
Mrs. J. H. Seed	Alfreton	69	6	63	68	5 "
Mrs. F. R. Davis	North Worcestershire	75	8	67	72	5 "
Mrs. H. M. Daunton	Pollards Hill	79	13	66	71	5 "
Mrs. Page	Exmouth	80	14	66	71	5 "
Mrs. L. B. Gregg	Cuddington	89	18	71	76	5 "
Mrs. M. K. Morton	Murrayfield	73	4	69	73	4 "
Mrs. V. French	Exmouth	75	8	67	71	4 "
Mrs. J. W. Baxter	Bloxwich	83	13	70	74	4 "
Mrs. D. Copley	Prestbury and Upton	86	15	71	75	4 "
Mrs. Ranson	Congleton	79	15	64	68	4 "
Miss E. J. Kordian	Macclesfield	84	16	68	72	4 "
Mrs. Aldridge	Nuneaton	82	16	66	70	4 "
Mrs. C. Reeves	Ashford Manor	89	17	72	76	4 "
Mrs. S. W. Noakes	Bedfordshire	77	5	72	75	3 "
Mrs. B. Hall	Walmer and Kingsdown	82	11	71	74	3 "
Mrs. J. H. Richardson	Ashridge	84	12	72	75	3 "
Miss B. Hollingsworth	Woking	83	13	70	73	3 "
Miss E. Cummins	North Wales	83	13	70	73	3 "
Miss B. Harland	Hockley	83	14	69	72	3 "

The Best Gross Return of the Month: Mrs. J. B. Watson, Gullane, 73, +2, 75, 74

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss E. Bowen	Llangollen	91	36	55	72	17 below
Mrs. R. F. Rouse	Brand Hall	89	32	57	72	15 "
Miss R. Wilson	Hearsall	86	27	59	72	13 "
Mrs. I. Goddard	Rothley Park	97	35	62	75	13 "
Mrs. E. Chisholm	Knaresborough	93	31	62	74	12 "
Mrs. G. F. Melford	Morden Park	97	34	63	75	12 "
Miss J. Bishop	Crews Hill	86	25	61	72	11 "
Mrs. E. Barratt	North Shore	99	36	63	74	11 "
Mrs. Gill	Burnham Beeches	99	36	63	74	11 "
Miss H. Strutt	Northamptonshire Co'ty	87	21	66	76	10 "
Mrs. J. Banbury	Banstead Downs	88	25	63	73	10 "
Miss R. Dean	Pollards Hill	94	33	61	71	10 "
Mrs. B. Balfour	Chislehurst	93	33	60	70	10 "
Mrs. James	Kingswood (Surrey)	100	35	65	75	10 "
Miss N. Warrilow	Drayton Park	102	36	66	76	10 "
Mrs. U. Bruton	Haydock Park	92	28	64	73	9 "
Miss G. M. Paul	Exmouth	90	28	62	71	9 "
Mrs. E. M. Ward	Upminster	96	34	62	71	9 "
Mrs. W. H. Dunn	Singapore	95	34	61	70	9 "
Mrs. P. Greaves	Retford	82	20	62	70	8 "
Miss E. M. Davies	North Manchester	96	28	68	76	8 "
Miss R. Craig	Ranfurly Castle	99	29	70	78	8 "
Mrs. MacKesy	North Hants	95	30	65	73	8 "
Mrs. H. C. Pullen	West Kent	100	32	68	76	8 "
Miss M. Samuel	Llangollen	98	34	64	72	8 "
Mrs. Kydd	Sandiway	101	35	66	74	8 "
Mrs. E. O. Fuller	Chevin	100	35	65	73	8 "
Miss F. Adams	Ashburnham	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. H. E. Bowen	Olton	101	36	65	73	8 "
Mrs. E. B. Attenborough	Chislehurst	98	36	62	70	8 "

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, June 15, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

MAPLES

THE BEDROOM

Whether one desires an exclusive suite executed in some rare and unusual wood or furnishings suited to less expensive tastes there is ample selection in Maples extensive showrooms. The vast resources at Maples command ensure the finest workmanship and an attention to detail so essential to the well-appointed home.

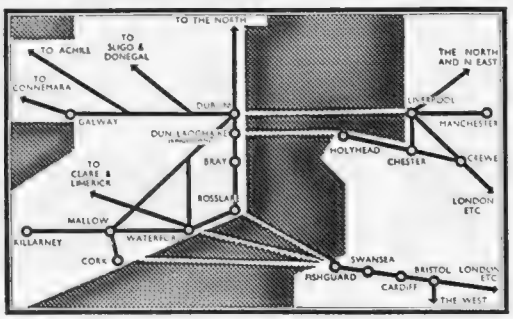
Illustrated is an exceptionally fine modern Bedroom suite in Olive Burr with Sycamore interiors . . . 5 ft. Wardrobe, two-thirds for hanging and one-third fitted shelves and drawers and full length interior mirror, 4 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table, 2 ft. 9 in. x 4 ft. 6 in. high Dwarf Wardrobe, Stuffed seat Stool.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1

MAPLE & CO. LTD. & CORPORATION STREET, BIRMINGHAM PRIVATE CAR PARKS

HOLIDAYS IN

IRELAND



A Choice of Route

Plan a holiday in Ireland this year. It is but a few hours' journey by express train and swift comfortable steamer and there is a choice of route for your convenience. Inland you will enjoy the most delightful scenery imaginable and all round the coast there are lovely sandy bays with excellent bathing and fishing facilities. If golf is your pastime, you will find a course as good as, or even better than any you have played.

Why not explore this perfect holiday land this year? The Irish Tourist Association can supply all information regarding any individual resort.

You may travel by any of the following steamship routes:—

HOLYHEAD - KINGSTOWN
LIVERPOOL - DUBLIN
FISHGUARD - ROSSLARE
FISHGUARD - WATERFORD
FISHGUARD - CORK

Guide and particulars of Holiday and Tourist Fares; Great Southern Railways' "All-in" Tours by Rail and by Road from any L.M.S. or G.W. Station, Office or Agency or on application to any of the following addresses—

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY, EUSTON STATION, LONDON, N.W.1
GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, PADDINGTON STATION, LONDON, W.2
GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS OF IRELAND, KINGSBRIDGE STATION, DUBLIN
BRITISH & IRISH STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., ROYAL LIVER BLDGS., L'POOL
CITY OF CORK STEAM PACKET CO. (1936) LTD., FISHGUARD HARBOUR, S. WALES
THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN

you can carry a

LEICA

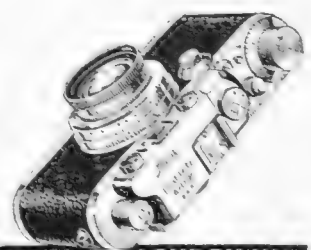
at all times

whether it is a heeling yacht, a moving train, or horseback, or any of those situations where it is customary to doubt whether a photograph can be taken; such times are "ripe" for the Leica.

It is when the decks are awash and all the excitement of rounding the buoy is reflected in every face that those candid shots are so worth taking. Well take them! You can with a Leica! If necessary it can be held and operated in one hand. Its light weight, its beauty, its unobtrusiveness, its efficiency and its great versatility are some of the reasons for its enormous popularity.

Simplicity of use is built into the Leica and yet the precision of its mechanism is amazing

Your nearest dealer will gladly show you the Leica or fully illustrated and descriptive literature will be sent on request.



E. LEITZ (LONDON), 20, MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Clarke—Thrift

William Clarke, third son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Clarke, of Beaumont Road, Dublin, married Vera Thrift in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. Her father is Provost of the College and lives at Provost's House

Trent—Tweedie

G. M. Trent, second son of the late Col. G. A. Trent and Mrs. Trent, of Beacon Hill, Kenya, married Rosamund Tweedie at South Newington; she is the youngest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. W. E. Tweedie, of South Newington House, near Banbury

Tetley—Hume Peach

It was a St. James's, Piccadilly, wedding between Peter Francis Tetley, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Tetley, of Foston Hall, York, and Betty Hume Peach, younger daughter of the late Wallace Hume Peach and Mrs. Hume Peach, of Brunswick Square, Hove

French—Wingate

John Alexander French, son of Mr. and Mrs. James French, of Long Grove, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, and Elizabeth Ursula Wingate, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. F. R. Wingate, of The Bury Cottage, Chesham, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

Blaker—Buxton

At St. Andrew's, Stanstead Abbotts, Herts., George Blaker, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. F. Blaker and Mrs. Blaker, of Gaveston Place, Nuthurst, Sussex, married Richenda Dorothy Buxton, eldest daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Buxton, of 19, Cornwall Terrace, Regents Park, N.W.1

Hinds Howell—Greenaway

Dr. Anthony Hinds Howell, second son of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Hinds Howell, of 145, Harley Street, W., married Jasemine Greenaway at Holy Trinity, Rochampton. She is the younger daughter of Sir Percy Greenaway, former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Greenaway, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey

Leishman—Oldfield

Dr. Austin William Dreven-Leishman, son of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir William Leishman and Lady Leishman, of Northgrove House, Highgate Village, married Elizabeth Oldfield, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Oldfield, of Moorhill, Harewood, Yorks., at Harewood

Lobb—Lang

Peter Errington Guy Lobb and Elizabeth Josephine Lang were married at Gerrard's Cross. He is the elder son of the late Eric St. John Lobb and Mrs. Lobb, of Crossway House, Great Missenden; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dashwood Lang, of Bluehayes, Gerrard's Cross

Wilde—Comerford

Flt. Lt. Geoffrey Wilde, R.A.F.O., youngest son of Mr. and the late Mrs. R. W. Wilde, of Elm Lodge, Englefield Green, Surrey, and Enid Comerford, daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. J. Comerford, of Moree, N.S.W., Australia, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

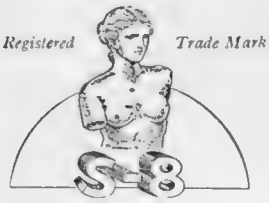
(Continued on page D)

The Venus de Milo

The most envied feminine form in the World

A FIRM and SHAPELY BUST is the ESSENCE of WOMANLY BEAUTY

Registered *Trade Mark*



Brand of Hormone Preparations

Obtainable through High-Class Chemists and Stores or direct from Distributors

A perfectly moulded bust is the crown of woman's loveliness. Few women, however, can pride themselves that they possess truly graceful contours, and it is only too often these days that modern dress reveals with candour the outline of forms which are imperfect.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 Brand Preparations—which offers woman genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections, thus restoring the breasts to the graceful contours and firmness of youth. The S-8 preparations develop and beautify the figure from within in Nature's own way.

Various formulæ have been prepared to suit individual cases. Their application and effect are fully explained in a scientific and most interesting book. Supported by many colour plates, it gives other important information and prices.

● Write at once for free
ILLUSTRATED S-8 BOOK
Gelty Distributing Co.
156a, Oxford Street, London, W.1

This book will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope. All correspondence treated in strict confidence.

ANDRÉ HUGO

La Maison de Confiance

WORLD-FAMOUS for its ARTISTRY IN HAIR WORK

FRONT OR SIDE CURLS

These are made either on wire or silk loops and can be had in four sizes.

Each
Medium - 10/6
Full - - 15/6
In White and Grey, extra

PERMANENT STEAM WAVING

A Painless Process with a most Fascinating result by the latest scientific method in which no electric heaters are used.

Charges from 1½ Gns.

"A LA MERVEILLEUSE" TRANSFORMATION of the best quality hair, light in weight and easy to cover over or mix in with a lady's own hair—from 15 Gns. and fronts only from 5 Gns.

ANDRÉ HUGO

178 SLOANE STREET, S.W.

Telephone : SLOANE 2504

OSTEND

CASINO-KURSAAL

Open all the year round.

"NOUVEAUX AMBASSADEURS"

WORLD FAMED ATTRACTIONS

Cercle privé open every day.

ROULETTE — BACCARAT

A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth while when one is in Germany.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is, indeed, a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the Garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

Information and Literature through German Railways Information Bureau, 19, Regent St., S.W.1 and through the Verkehrsverein, Prinzenstr. 5, Hanover.

SWITZERLAND

Schweizerhof Lucerne

FIRST CLASS Pension Terms from **17/-**

Getting Married: *(Continued from page B)*

Pearl Freeman

Margaret Jones

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Jones, of Gorleston, Norfolk, and 1, Cresswell Court, S.W.5; she is engaged to Ronald Malcolm, son of the late Col. G. A. R. Malcolm and Mrs. Malcolm, of 173, Oakwood Court, W.14

Vandyk

Vera Frances Locock

Is Sir Charles and Lady Locock's younger daughter and is to marry Geoffrey Richard Seers, elder son of the late G. F. Seers and Mrs. Seers, of Sharland, Reigate. Sir Charles and Lady Locock live at Blythswood, West Byfleet

Hay Wrightson

Hilda Betty Dudgeon

Is the only child of the late Arthur Dudgeon and Mrs. Charles Lane, of Rock Lodge, Carrigrohane, Co. Cork, and is to marry John Frank Fyson Lathbury, R.E., only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. B. Lathbury, of 19, Elgin Court, W.9

Debenham & Gould

Sheila Marguerite Pidcock

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Pidcock, of Fairlawn, The Park, Nottingham; she is engaged to Hugh Belton Twallin, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Twallin, of Stotfold, Bromley, Kent

Elliott & Fry

Evelyn Chrystal Adkins

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Adkins, of Tristam, Polzeath, Cornwall, and is to marry John William Somerville Hardie, son of the Lord Bishop of Jamaica and Mrs. Hardie, of Kingston, Jamaica

Douglas

Pamela Clare Howe

Is the daughter of Mr. C. M. Howe, of Angmering, Sussex, and Mrs. Lionel Holland, of 7, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.2; her fiancé is John Arnold Scott Cleminson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Cleminson, of 8, Devonshire Palce, W.

Bassano

Grace Howie

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. D. Howie, of Deaseholm, Troon, Ayrshire, and her fiancé is Iain Graham Young, only son of Major and Mrs. J. Graham Young, of Trynkhaw, Symington, Ayrshire

Lenare

Eve McCowen

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McCowen, of Beth Hill Court, Bournemouth; her engagement has been announced to Frank Keysell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Keysell, of Highfield, Stevenage, Herts.

Sedgwick—Weyl

Roger John Peter Sedgwick, the British Vice-Consul at Milan, son of Lt.-Col. F. R. Sedgwick, C.M.G., D.S.O., of Haddenham, Bucks., married Lieselotte Weyl at All Saints' Church (Via Solferina), Milan. She is the younger daughter of the late Director Richard Weyl and Frau Emilie Weyl, of Gräfelfing, near Munich

Stocker—Slane

Alonzo John Stocker, 24th Regt., elder son of Captain and Mrs. A. Harold Stocker, of North Lands, Chichester, and Margaret Aileen Slane, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Slane, of 5, Lymington Court, Raymond Road, Wimbledon, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

Hodson—Modin

At All Souls', Langham Place, Lieut.-Comdr. Duncan Robert Christopher Hodson, son of the late M. S. Hodson and Mrs. Hodson, of Lady's Walk, Andover, Hants., married Peggy Modin, daughter of Group Captain C. O. F. Modin and Mrs. S. E. Modin, of 28, Ashburton Road, Southsea

Wedding Present Suggestions

Why not a wedding-gift of Books ?—the one present which is never judged by its mere cash value

BOOK TOKENS

quickly and simply solve the problem of what to choose

A Book Token is a decorative credit note on the nearest bookseller. Obtainable at most bookshops from 3/9 up to as many guineas as you want to spend.

Linens by Marghab

at

129, Mount Street, Berkeley Square,

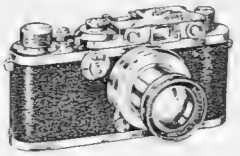
the new London shop of

Emile Marghab,

Mayfair 1731.

THE 'PRESENT' WITH A FUTURE

Could there possibly be a better present than the Leica camera ?—a little instrument that will record, in sparkling beautiful pictures, their happiest times. In giving a Leica your acumen will be praised. It is different—and lasting—it is a present with a future. Every time they use it they will think of you with gratitude.



The Leica camera is easy and economical to use—it will give snapshots at night, or portraits, landscapes, sports, etc. Small, light and handsome in appearance. Models from £18.5.0. Lists free on request.

GIVE THEM A CINE FILM OF THEIR WEDDING
A unique present—and one which they'll prize more than anything In black and white or colour. Ask for particulars.

ZEISS BINOCULARS always an acceptable gift, for Racing, Yachting, etc. Ask for price list.

WALLACE HEATON LTD.
127, New Bond Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 7511 (8 lines)

By Appointment to *The Late King George V.*

Wedding Presents

No. 6734.—Crocodile Jewel Case, self-raising tray, Bramah lock. Size 8 in. by 7 in. by 2½ in. .. £9 9 0.

Complete Illustrated Catalogue on application

Carriage abroad extra

SWAINE & ADENEY, LTD.
185, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

10, Avenue Matignon. 27, Old Bond St., W.1.

What's On:

The "Bystander's" Compressed Guide to London's Amusements

June 15th—21st

THE STAGE

Comedy and Tragedy

AMPHITRYON 38.—Giraudoux's comedy played by the Lunts is fare for epicures: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Jessica Tandy, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Capek's charming satire on human weaknesses revives with the same cast as two years ago Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—Peter Blackmore specially wrote this for Nora Swinburne; Cecil Parker is Mr. John Lot, the set is in Asia Minor: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., 2.30.

MARRIAGE.—Gogol's play of nineteenth-century Russia has Cecil Trouncer, Mark Dignam, Isobel Scaife in the cast: Westminster, 8.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Jock McKay is Bottom, Oriel Ross is Helena, Margaret Dulac is Hermia: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

PEOPLE OF OUR CLASS.—St. John Ervine's play about modern youth and marriage has ideas but not new ones; Nicholas Hannen, Athene Seyler, Mary Jerrold. Ursula Jeans: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

POISON PEN.—Margaret Yarde and Walter Fitzgerald have good parts in this semi-psychological play of village life: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers v. married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Representative Shakespeare programme throughout the summer at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE SUN NEVER SETS.—Adapted from *Sanders of the River*, this play has Leslie Banks as that person, Edna Best, Mackenzie Ward: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRUMPETER, PLAY!—Leon M. Lion's production depicts men in two streets with a moral: Garrick, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

VANBRUGH JUBILEE.—Irene Vanbrugh's fifty years on the stage will be celebrated by a matinée in aid of charities at which the Queen will be present: His Majesty's, Mon., 20th, 2.30.

WHITE SECRETS.—A kind of Arctic *Journey's End*, with an all-male cast, presented by Maurice Browne: Fortune, 8.15.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—Dorothy Sayers' play is in verse, and has a mediæval moral theme: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

8.45 AND ALL THAT.—A new intimate revue with a good cast of twelve, including Greta Gynt, Robert Eddison, Charles Heslop: Royalty, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ENGADINE EXPRESS.—The new ice show is more elaborate and more connected than the last: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

HAPPY RETURNS.—Very spectacular and very Cochran, this revue owes most to Beatrice Lillie and some to Flanagan and Allen: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO SKY SO BLUE.—Geneva and the League is the background for this tuneful musical, with Gertrude Niesen, Lea Seidl, Cyril Raymond: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Fritzi Massary, Peggy Wood, Griffith Jones, Irene Vanbrugh, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PELISSIER'S FOLLIES OF 1938.—A strong cast in a modern revival of the famous potpourri of burlesque, glamour and dance: Saville, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 106.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

WILD OATS.—Douglas Furber's newest is about how Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe and Vera Pearce win some money from a pool; unpretentious and very funny: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues. Fri., 2.30

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

COMÉDIENNE.—Ivor Novello's new play stars Lilian Braithwaite, supported by Fabia Drake and Barry Jones: Haymarket, Thurs., 16th.

GOLDEN BOY.—Clifford Odets' tragedy about a virtuoso who is cursed in his career and in love, comes from the U.S.A. with a huge reputation: St. James', Tues., 21st.

SEXES AND SERVANTS.—Marc Daly and Mai Bacon lead in a play about a greyhound trainer and his henpeck wife: Vaudeville, Tues., 21st.

THE BEST ON THE SCREEN

L'ALIBI (French).—An ordinary story is made to shine by polished direction, dialogue and acting; von Stroheim, Jouvet, Préjean: Studio One.

BLOCKADE (American).—Madeleine Carroll's newest film is with Henry Fonda and is set in warring Spain: London Pavilion.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE (American).—Gary Cooper is miscast in a high-life comedy with Claudette Colbert, but nevertheless these two artists made a good film: Carlton.

BREAK THE NEWS (British).—Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, June Knight are the stars; René Clair the director; Cole Porter the composer; result, a first-class comedy: Leicester Square.

HAPPY LANDING (American).—A strong cast supports Sonja Henie and Don Ameche in this Fox musical: Regal.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Deanna Durbin's newest is charming and tuneful and has Herbert Marshall: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MIRROR (Austrian).—Paula Wessely, Attila Hörbiger, Peter Petersen in a strong, simple story of the medical world: Berkeley

ORAGE (French).—Allegret directed this film of a Bernstein emotional story; Charles Boyer and Michele Morgan are the players: Curzon.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM (American).—If you like Shirley Temple this film will please you, for she features dominatingly and dimpled: Gaumont.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen. Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy

A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (American).—Edward G. Robinson and a hilarious gang of crooks bring Damon Runyon characters to the screen: Odeon.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery

TEST PILOT (American).—Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy in an exciting flying film: Empire (last days).

OPERA and BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE:

Three Mozart operas and a Verdi and Donizetti alternate in the lovely setting of a rural opera house (see dailies for times and train departures).

THE D'OYLY CARTE COMPANY.—A six weeks' season of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas: Scala, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET.—The summer season at Covent Garden starts on Mon., 20th.

'PHONE REGent 6000
for your Theatre Seats
KEITH PROWSE
& Co., Ltd.
159 New Bond St., W.1 & Branches everywhere
YOU want Best Seats WE have them

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret:

"Vic-Tory bonds" at the Ritz

The Ritz

I HAD better apologise for a random note of lyricism sounding at intervals throughout this month's column. The trouble started when my host one night collected his hat and coat after a theatre and said, as shouldn't have: "We will arise and go now, for supper at the Ritz." Whereupon my rather tawdry Muse slipped her arm through mine, and, because she was in her worst form, I took down her immediate utterances only in prose. She said: "We will arise and go now, for supper at the Ritz. There's a small table waiting for after the theatre. Fine food shall we have there, and enjoy a battle of wits between himself and Vic Oliver. For a week now we 'll find there (they change them week by week) a rhumba-number specialist from Paris, Jeanne Manet, who sets midnight all a-glimmer with her beauty and her chic, and thrives on the music of Joseph Kaye. While Oliver continues, on the 20th of June comes Assia de Busny, the Roumanian chanteuse. And there 's always the equivalent of 'flute, violin, bassoon,' and a smart crowd, hating to disperse."

This was terrible, especially as she left out the most important point, which is that the summery nights bring all the right people to their right places under the pagodas of the Ritz tables.

Diseuse Sheila Barrett

The Dorchester

THE same good lady got slightly tipsy on the music of Jack Jackson a few nights later, and without cribbing this time, produced what she fondly imagined to be a ballade. Here it is—

"The ladies are en grand toilette,
And flowered in their best brocade.
The men-folk, it 's an even bet,
Are tails-and-buttonhole-arrayed.
Many are from the Guards Brigade,
Or know the call of 'Bahadur!' . . .
It 's lovely lady, handsome blade;
We 're going to the Dorchester!

"At 10, at midnight too, and yet
Again before 'The King' is played,
They give, to fashions of Debrett,
Their *Personality Parade*.
With Cyril Ritchard, Richard Hayd-
N, Miss H. Baddeley (yes, her!),
Holland and Hart (think what they 're paid!)
We 're going to the Dorchester!

ENVOI

"Prince, come and join the cavalcade
To Sheila Barrett. Come on, sir!
Forget that speech on Foreign Trade!
WE'RE GOING TO THE DORCHESTER!"

Nights

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Austria

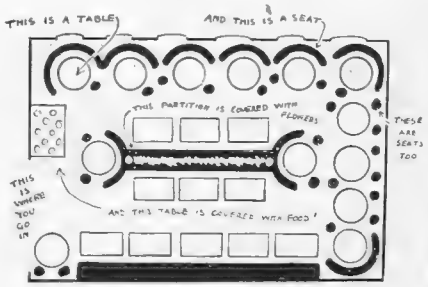
Dertu of the Austria

I WENT gratefully to the Austria with someone who lisped in no numbers, and I could attend to their important news untrammelled by metre and rhyme. Which is as well, because their new acquisition as head chef, M. Dertu, could scarcely be rhymed in English.

He comes, great with honours, first from Paris, and then from Boulestin's in London, where he was ensconced for the opening in '25, and for several years later. In '31 he went to the Jardin des Gourmets, where he created and was in charge of the kitchens. Thence to the Gargoyle Club, and ever the Wine-and-Food men of three capitals followed his cooking. He has a fine dossier of letters of thanks collected through his years of mastery. Having been private chef early on (to General Gouraud, then Military Governor of Paris), he is as at home in "familiar" dishes as in chefs d'œuvre. And, for the Austrian cooking at his new establishment, he is ably assisted by Herr Domberger, who has cooked at the places which count in Vienna and Salzburg.

The menu he gave us that night was: Caviare, Délice de Sole Française (with cooked walnuts), Suprème de Volaille en papillotte (paper bag), Asparagus; and then Bruno did us his Crêpes flambés à la façon de Maitre Bruno. Wines were from a long list, and we danced over our brandy to Sandler at his excellent best. It was a great evening. Remember, you can dance unchanged here, and for little cost, into the small hours.

The New Clarges



New New Clarges—Bird's-eye View

I TOLD you last month that big alterations were afoot at the New Clarges, Fleming's, or the Café Divan, whichever way you think of it. It is all finished now. On the right as you go in, Le Réserve Parisienne, for light cold meals and snacks, and a drink or two at the bar. And on the left the new restaurant in quiet new glory. My Muse has been at it again!

"Back to your nosebags, noses!
Come, gourmets, with a will!
The lovely Fleming's closes
And opens lovelier still!

"No slangings, shouts and bangings,
No waiter-guest furore
Disturb the patterned hangings,
The restful red décor.

"Binaco does the honours
With culinary wares,
Pressing such treats upon us
As only he prepares.

"For quiet, sunlit lunches,
For dinners long and late,
You 'll sit enflanked by bunches
Of flowers, and meditate

"On how the new New Clarges
Makes good its patrons' claim:
'Without excessive charges,
'Improved, but still the same!'"

Requiescat Matthew Arnold!

Kempinski's

HOWEVER good the food, however convenient the site, a restaurant is apt to be known, remembered and visited because of its personalities. Which is all right by Kempinski's. They have the food, they have one of the most central sites in London, and, during their short life they have collected their personalities, from Frank the doorman, through Felix of the Tavern, up to Mr. Kempinski himself.

EVERY NIGHT

Café chantant

WITH

STAR CABARET ARTISTES

AND

JOE KAYE'S BAND

in the beautifully redecorated Restaurant of the

RITZ

REGENT 8181

PICCADILLY, W.1 :: EXTENSION WEDNESDAY

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT

CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

First-class French cooking in Luxurious surroundings.

FLEMING'S HOTEL

HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.

A luxuriously comfortable and peaceful hotel in the heart of the West End. Renowned for superlative cuisine and service. Double and single rooms. Large and small suites.

Phone: GROsvenor 2964. Grams: Fleminotel, Audley, London.

le bon Vivenr

SHEPHERD MARKET MAYFAIR

Telephone: Gros: 1150

DIRECTION V. DAVICO

World famous
HATCHETT'S
RESTAURANT · PICCADILLY
Good Food and Finest Wines
Quiet Atmosphere
MATINEE LUNCHEON 4/6
SPECIAL DINNER 6/6
AND A LA CARTE
NEW COCKTAIL BAR
ENTRANCE IN
DOVER STREET
TELEPHONE REGENT 0217

The New Queens
Brasserie, Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night till 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. LUNCHEON 3/6.
LEICESTER SQUARE (Next the "Empire")

KEMPINSKI'S
The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Kempinski. In the evening Castelli and his piano, and Marjorie Dale, the Singing Cigarette Girl, will entertain you.
99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7

SATISFACTION!
"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.
Obtainable at all leading Hotels and Restaurants

Now a new star has been added to the firmament. Arri has joined, and is in command of the restaurant. Do you remember Arri? He was that bustle of smiling efficiency who met you at the Trianon, and during repairs he has been far too long out of circulation. At Kempinski's he is looking extremely well, dapper, smiling and efficient as ever. Go and talk to him again, and let him choose you your lunch or dinner one day. He has the right vast cosmopolitan knowledge of food for his new cosmopolitan command.

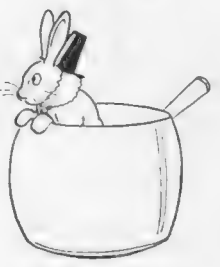
Otherwise . . . . I hear that Marjorie Dale, the singing cigarette girl of the Tavern, has been appearing as Weekly Celebrity at what the papers refer to as "a famous store." Castelli, pianist and vocalist, to whose music the Tavern keeps merry through the night, has been likewise distinguished. Felix, however, keeps his carolling for impromptus.

Arri is now at Kempinski's

The New Queen's

POSSIBLY she was at Newnham, and had been attending his lectures. But I am afraid it was just cussedness, and an inability to let Hugh Kingsmill's classic parody of the Classic of the Cam well alone on its merits. Anyway—

Irish Stew



Welsh Rabbit

"When I was one-and-twenty,
In London for the day,
I 'd waste my sighs a-plenty
Before a matinée,
In looking for a beer(ish) hall
With lunch, say 3/6 in all,
Pleasantly cool from May to fall,
And warm from fall to May.

"And now I 'm old and thirty,
I 've found the place I sought . . .
Where linen 's never dirty
And food comes quick as thought.
While lovely ladies, two and two,
Take entrées, salad, coffee, you
And business men have Irish stew,
With beer, and, later, port.

"For dinner, too, and after
They dim the silver screens,
Come in for music, laughter,
Rarebits, wines, whiskies, *fines*,
Depending on your taste and ear . . .
But knowing lads from far and near
Come for their savouries and beer,
And rest and toast the Queen's."

And you can sit and sit and sit till long after midnight. Heavens, no! You don't change.

Quinto's

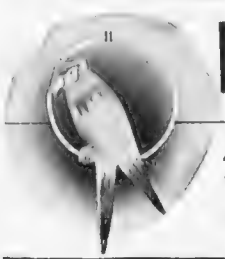
IF you ask Mr. Victor his news these days at any lunch-time or dinner, he will, justly, shrug his expressive shoulders and enclose his whole restaurant in a wave of the hand for testimony. Si monumentum requiris, circumspice. Which is just as it should be, unless, perhaps, you arrive late, and haven't booked a table, when there will have to be some jugglery to get you in. So book that table, especially for lunch.

That lunch which Victor offers for 6/6 tout compris is a dream of good value. It means that you can choose anything off the vast card as and when you want it, and, though two individual dishes of your choice may be listed at 4/6 each, the bill still comes to that happy 6/6. Dinner, likewise, at 8/6. And in those prices you get as good French cooking and swift service as you 'll find in London. Very smart people, very smart room. Very smart restaurant, and hats off to Victor for keeping it not very expensive.

Superb wines, and Victor really knows them.

Le Perroquet

OVER the whole of last year, a year notoriously bad for the restaurant world for many reasons, Bellometti reports a tidy increase of clientèle over the previous figures. If you


Le Perroquet G. Bellometti
An intimate Restaurant where you can enjoy excellent food and wines . . . Be sure and book your table.
43 · LEICESTER SQUARE · WHITEHALL 2996

are a frequenter of Le Perroquet, you 'll have a pretty clear understanding why. This small place, away from the beaten track of great food-haunts, has carved out a niche of fame for itself. The prices are high for the district, but eminently fair, and—a great blessing—you can tell Bellometti what you are prepared to spend before you begin, from 5/- or so upwards, and he 'll build you a meal that, broken down piece by piece from the card, would set you back probably more than double. The small wine list contains some of the greatest wines. But in these hot days, especially for the ladies, I recommend their Cups.

First Life Member of the Bon Viveur

The Bon Viveur

I OFFER no apologies to Wordsworth. If he turned in his grave every time someone took a poke at his Lucy poems, he would be doing many revolutions to the minute. The pity is that it is a metre far too easy to do badly.

" It lies along untrodden ways,
Off Shepherd's Market, W.
A Club which all its members praise,
And ditto every guest.

" Its membership has grown and grown,
With modest yearly fee.
(Except for Lifer No. 1,
Who signed on recently.)

" The mould of fashion here is wined,
Is dined the glass of form.
And in the little space they find
A welcome large and warm.

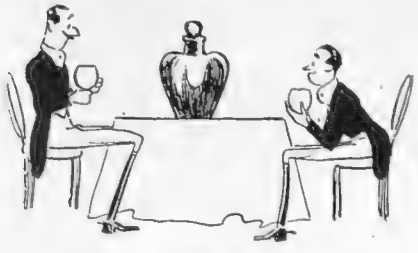
" The food 's the best by every test
(As advertisers say) ;
And should you be by cares oppressed,
You dance those cares away.

" This trellised pleasaunce you should know,
And Maître Davico too.
And should you join as member, Oh !
The difference to you ! "

Hatchett's

THE maîtres of swagger restaurants are not, as a rule, a dissatisfied race. But I have still to find Boscasso of Hatchett's admitting excellence even where it is palpable. You will say some deservedly nice things about the cooking of his kitchens. But Boscasso will probably quietly show the wine list, and say that he still has some way to go to get the cooking up to the standard of *that*. " But it 's coming right, and it won't be long now." And then he may tell you how, to suit his finicky requirements, he has to have a man on full time in the kitchen to deal with the potatoes alone, so that they may come to the table in that special honey-coloured perfection which makes them a worthy speciality of the house.

Braised ham and spinach continues on the menu all day and every day. The bottle from which your fine maison will be poured must still be one of the biggest of its kind in the town. The zeal of the house is getting a reputation, apparently, among the sporting country fraternity, and a hunting duke was distinctly seen just lately to come in and enjoy his lunch as much as any commoner. Have you seen those old framed bills which testify to the eld of this remarkable restaurant ? R. A. U.



Hunting-men and brandy at Hatchett's

AUSTRIA RESTAURANT

Come along to-night and enjoy exquisitely palatable dishes in the charm of Tyrolean atmosphere.
HAROLD SANDLER and his TZIGANE Orchestra.
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

PHONE: WHI. 7361

The Dorchester
presents
"PERSONALITY PARADE"
3 DIFFERENT SHOWS NIGHTLY
at 10, MIDNIGHT and 12.40
with

JACK JACKSON and his BAND
★
"A Sherek Show"

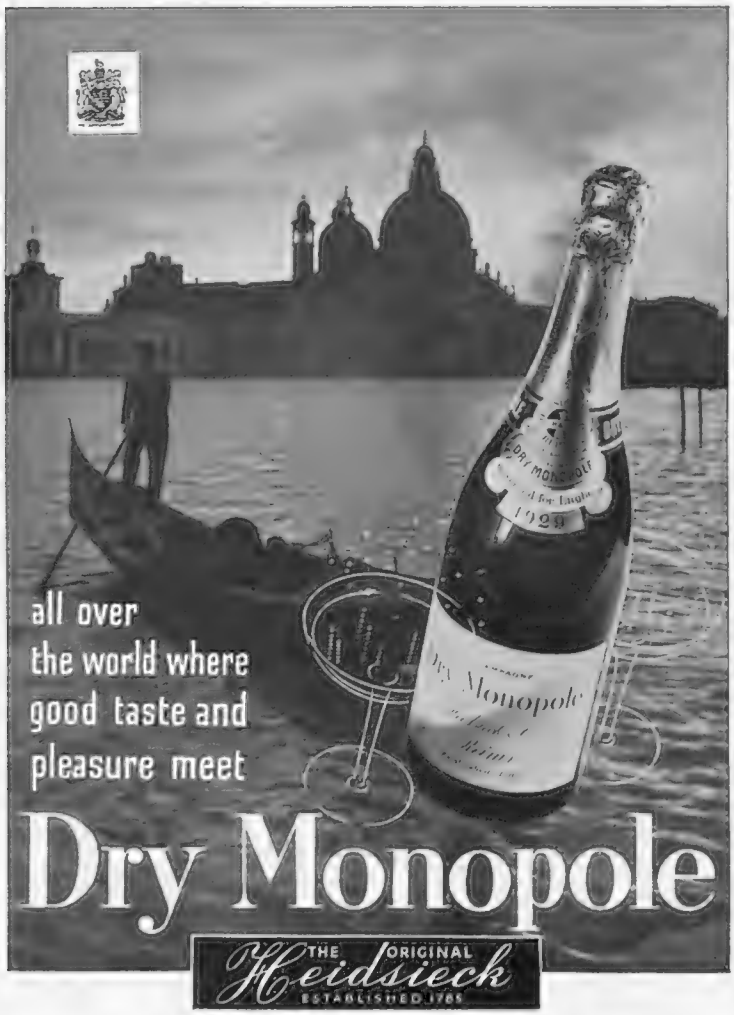
Quinto's
RESTAURANT (from Monte Carlo).
LUNCHEON, Plat du Jour with two fresh vegetables 3/6
A LA CARTE 6/6
THEATRE DINNER, to be chosen from the Carte du Jour. . . 8/6
We would like you to know that the best food in London is not beyond your means.
Arlington House, Arlington St., S.W.1
(Just a few doors from the Ritz Hotel)
'Phone : REGent 4707.

Nature's Aid to Health
MATTONI
(Giesshübler)
Natural Mineral Water
Bottled at the springs near Carlsbad.
From all hotels, restaurants and wine merchants, or from the importers,
Timothy Temple Ltd., 15 King St., St. James', S.W.1

SPORTING PRINTS
The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists
Prices from One Guinea.
Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended
THE SPORTING GALLERY,
70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

HARRY ROY'S
Lyricals
1 NORRIS STREET,
HAYMARKET, W.1.

ORCHESTRAS
for all
FUNCTIONS
WHI. 2031



Going Out of London

Some Places to Remember

In June, when the most dauntless dowager droops a little in the heat of crowded London restaurants, when even debs ask themselves if private parties are not sometimes a social duty rather than a pleasure, then your BYSTANDER suggests a refreshing change.

Outside London are many hotels and restaurants with all the comforts of civilisation, sadly lacking in many country-houses, and the pleasant atmosphere of the English countryside.

Hotel de Paris, Bray-on-Thames

First to my mind comes the Hotel de Paris at Bray, offering, as it does, every luxury that sybarite can desire—perfect cooking, perfect service in both hotel and restaurant, private bathrooms, real fires in the bedrooms, all the comforts of a first-class London hotel, and this in the most romantic surroundings. In the summer a band plays softly in a lovely garden, where we can dance or sit watching the gentle Thames roll on . . . the lights of a thousand fairy-lamps reflected in the water . . . across the river a windmill, its wings illuminated, sails slowly round. . . . During the day all the pleasures of a country-house—tennis, swimming, a quiet hour in a boat on the river.

Here you will find leaders of society from every country under the sun, stars of the stage, princes and politicians . . . for our host, now a Squire of Bray, was once the great M. Charles of the Berkeley and Savoy.

The Hautboy, Ockham

Since our last article on the restaurants and hotels outside London, the famous Hautboy at Ockham has changed hands. When they took it over last October, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Charles Asprey had any previous experience of running an hotel, but they count among their closest friends many of the leading hoteliers, restaurateurs and wine-shippers in and around London, and have been greatly assisted by them. Like Mr. Sender, of the Ecu de France, Mr. Asprey was a stockbroker; closely related to the famous shop of the same name, he and his charming wife are most insistent on upholding the family tradition for quality. The place has been considerably brightened, an old lounge converted into a bright new bar, while the garden, in the capable and experienced hands of an Ockham villager, is a real paradise. Go down the Portsmouth Road, look for the green-and-silver signs between Cobham and Ripley, and have your tea on the lawn, or partake of lunch or dinner in the vaulted dining-room, under the shadow of the minstrel's gallery: the inner man will be well satisfied. And you must not overlook the wine list, entirely hand done, the contents of which will make you regret the moment when it is time to go home. Better still, ask Mr. Asprey to show you the cellar, and do not forget to try the special house liqueur brandy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Asprey, of the Hautboy, Ockham, with their Christmas speciality

Ace of Spades

It is over ten years since two brothers, greatly daring, opened in England a new sort of restaurant just outside London, with extensive car-parks and up-to-date garage and petrol service—something between the road-house already popular in America and our own idea of a port of call during a long motor-drive.

On the Kingston by-pass and on the Great West Road, then the newest arterial roads to London, folks wondered what the Ace of Spades could be. A new sort of inn? Open all night? With dancing? It was indeed an innovation, and ever since has well deserved the widest possible patronage, including even royalty on a number of occasions.

Since then, many an imitator has shown the sincerest form of flattery, and of these, some have flourished and some have not. But the two restaurants known as the Ace of Spades are almost unique in that they have never once changed hands, are still under the same management, and will definitely remain so.

At the Ace of Spades on the Kingston by-pass, Percy Chandler is still the leader of the very popular two-piano dance band which plays seductively every night, with frequent extensions. The summer ballroom and warm water swimming-pool in full view below have this season an even more attractive colour scheme.

Another novelty this year is the provision of wind-screens, on the Venetian-blind principle for the swimming-pool, combining a reasonable visibility for the diners with adequate shelter from the prevailing breezes.

At both places, extensive additional beaches, sunbathing terraces and lawns have now been added, so that the two Ace of Spades provide this season what are undoubtedly the finest sunbathing facilities near London

The Ace of Spades

These are all improvements, but in one respect the Ace of Spades cannot be improved — it still has and will, I hope, always retain a cheerful and carefree atmosphere in these days of war scares and high taxation. A trump card this atmosphere. Our first road-house was happily named the Ace of Spades.

Great Fosters, Egham

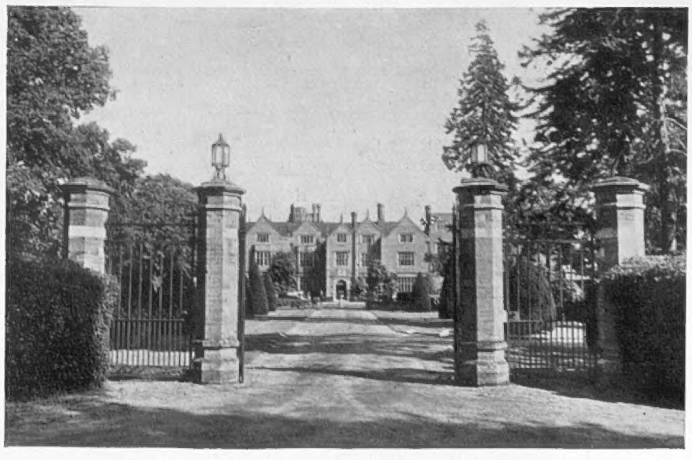
ONLY a few weeks ago we heard that Great Fosters, probably the most perfect specimen of a sixteenth-century country-house, with all the amenities of a first-class hotel, was up for sale, and it looked as though it might be closed to the public.

Now it is open again, under new management. Mr. Peter Jefferies, who is in charge, was lately the reception-manager at the Hyde Park Hotel, London, but gained his early experience in the hotel business at the Kaiserhof, Berlin, and in many first-class hotels in England and America. He is, therefore, well qualified to anticipate the wishes of the visitors from overseas who intend to visit a country hotel of such unique historic interest.

Originally Great Fosters was the home of Queen Elizabeth, who maintained it as a Royal residence during her reign. It came to her from her father, Henry VIII., who had used it as a hunting-lodge. During four centuries it remained private property—a typical English manor-house, its lovely building and grounds the treasured possession of a long series of English squires. It is only a few years since it was opened to the public as an hotel and restaurant, but the beautiful old mansion, with its Saxon moat and much of the original grounds and gardens, has remained almost unchanged since Elizabethan days.

Many of the public have an idea that Great Fosters is as expensive as it is unique. This is not so. Lunch is 5/6; tea 2/6 (3/- on Sundays); the dinner dances (and the orchestra is excellent) 10/6.

There are two hard tennis courts, a warm open-air swimming-pool, archery grounds, etc.; but the well-kept gardens and the house itself deserve a visit for their own sakes.



Great Fosters

HOTEL de PARIS

BRAY-ON-THAMES

An incomparable week-end retreat from town-Luxurious bed-rooms (private bathrooms — perfect food — tennis —dancing—and, of course, a licence. What more does anyone need?

The Hautboy

RIPLEY 20

21 Miles from London

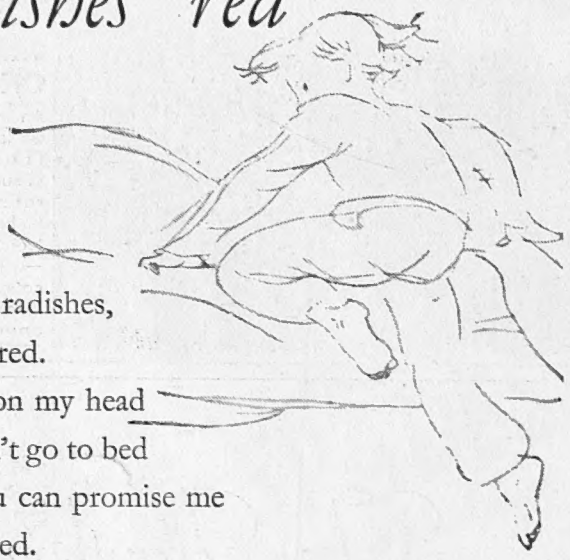
LOOK FOR THE SIGN ON THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD

Great Fosters
Egham

Now under entirely New Management. This charming country house once the home of Queen Elizabeth, is open to the public as a First-Class Hotel and Restaurant. Hotel Charges from £1 1 0 a night, inclusive of all meals and the use of tennis courts, swimming pool, ballroom, archery ground, etc. open to non-residents at moderate prices.

All enquiries to the Manager,
W. P. Jefferies, Great Fosters : Egham 444

Radishes red



Radishes, radishes,
Radishes red.
I'll stand on my head
And I won't go to bed
Unless you can promise me
Radishes red.

Cerebos, Cerebos,
Cerebos white.
I'll switch off the light
And give Mummy a fright
Unless you can promise me
Cerebos white.

So unless you can promise me radishes red
Unless you can promise me Cerebos white
I'll pull the cat's tail and I won't go to bed
I'll hide in the dark and give Mummy a fright.
For I've mentioned it once and I'll mention it twice
There's nothing so crunchy and munchy and nice
Not even lump sugar or cocoanut ice,
But I'll pop off to bed and I'll switch off the light
For radishes red and Cerebos white.

CEREBOS SALT

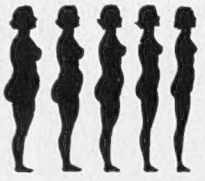
for children of all ages

Age 30.. but the SCALES say 40

A woman is as young as her figure. You may be 30 or less, but if you allow ugly, unnecessary fat to accumulate, you will look much more. Look around and you will see that it is the slim, youthful-looking woman who gets on. For people, quite rightly, believe there is some relation between slimness and vitality. Fat, doctors say, is unnatural, a crippling burden that overloads the heart and liver and must be got rid of. And here is the easiest way to slim safely.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT

Between the first and the last figures there is 42 lbs, difference in weight; 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming with Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.



19 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX :—1. Reduces Fat at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. weekly. 2. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons. 3. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour. Why not start slimming with Natex right away? The sooner you start the sooner you will attain a younger, more graceful figure. And remember, the steady, gradual removal of fat is permanent. Get your first packet of Natex to-day. From Chemists and Health Food Stores **2/-. 5/6, 9/6** and **17/6.**

FREE. *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim.* If you want further evidence of what Natex can do send for free Booklet. It tells exactly how and why Natex slims and gives the experience of women in all walks of life. Send to Modern Health Products, Limited 220, Natex House, 38, Langham Street, London, W.1.

Natex TONIC **SLIMMING FOOD**

Indian Agents: Messrs. Issa Sons & Co., P.O. Box 830, Bombay.
South African Agents: Messrs. L. Fatti & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg.

DO YOU FEEL ALL IN ?

OUR CRUISES
WILL PICK YOU UP

8 FIRST CLASS CRUISES BY ORCADES AND ORION TO THE MEDITERRANEAN AND SCANDINAVIA FARES FROM 22 GNS.

4 FIRST & TOURIST CLASS CRUISES BY ORFORD TO THE MEDITERRANEAN FARES FROM £22 FIRST CLASS £12 TOURIST CLASS

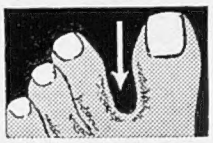
Please call or write or telephone for illustrated booklets.

ORIENT LINE

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co. Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C.3
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur St. S.W.1, and No. 1 Australia House, W.C.2
Telephones: MAN 3456 WHI 6981 TEM 2258 *or Agents*

KAMARIKA AUTO-MASSAGE
HOME TREATMENT
removes wrinkles and all blemishes. Call for free demonstration or write for pamphlet.
KAMARIKA, 96, Oxford Street, W.1
(*First Floor*). 'Phone: Museum 3074

ITCHING TOES



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves itching at once, kills fungi that cause it, and stops the disease from spreading. Soothing, healing and antiseptic. Obtainable from all Chemists and at Dr. Scholl's Depots. **Price 3/- per jar.**

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by GEN. EVANGELINE BOOTH, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

THE SALVATION ARMY

When you go to

PARIS

or

BERLIN

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées
BERLIN: 32 Kurfürstendamm

1938 British Amateur Golf Championship

won with

SPALDING

'Needled' TOP-FLITE

GOLF BALL

and

SPALDING CLUBS

Ever since the War a SPALDING Ball has won first place in the FOUR MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIPS — British Open and Amateur: American Open and Amateur—more than twice as many times as all other Balls combined.

366b

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—(*Continued from page* ii *of cover*).

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Glion (2200 ft. ab. sea level)—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 min. from Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Grand Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Ten., swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf, Tennis, Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun.).—Full sth. on lake front. Lge. Pk. Gar. 1st.-cl. fam. hotl. Bathing, Ten., Golf. Pens. from Frs. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Htl. Schweizerhof.—Rnwnd. for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. from Frs. 6. Pens. rates fr. Frs. 14. Gar., ten., swim.

Interlaken.—Grd. Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sit. on main prom. facing Jungfrau. Absolutely first-class. Pens. rate fr. Frs. 17.

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—First-class. Home of best English Soc. All Sum. Sports. Lake bathing. Pens. terms fr. Frs. 15 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—on the lake 110 beds The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

Lausanne.—Royal Hotel.—Superior First class Hotel. Ideal position in large park. Every convenience. Inclusive terms fr. 15/-.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—(First-class). Magnificent. View on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading Family Hotel in splendid Park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Hotel Du Château.—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—**Sporthotel Wildstrubel.**—Alpine Flora at its best, easy walks, mountain tours. Every comft. From Frs. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates fr. Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake. Next door to Casino. First-class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 14.

SWITZERLAND—*Continued*

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free. Park, tennis, garage.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace, leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pèlerin.—Gd. Htl.—Most cen., beautiful spot for holidays, 3,000 ft. up. View over Lake of Geneva. Easy access. Terms fr. 12s. a day

Montreux.—The Excelsior—has the best sit. on lake. 1st. cl. 110 rms. all sth. Recom'd for a stay all the year. Personal attention.

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel. Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rms. fac. lake. Mod. comft. Golf, Ten., Lge. Park, Gar. Bch.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun).—**Hotel Victoria.**—Leading in pos. and quality. Every comft. Pk., Gar., Bathing, Ten. Pens. fr. Frs. 9.50.

Pontresina.—Sport Hotel Pontresina.—150 rooms with bath and running water. First-class throughout. Full pension from Frs. 15

Spiez—Park Hotel.—above village 5 mins. fr. stn. Delightful walks. Ex. cooking. Pens. room w.r.w. fr. Frs. 9, w. priv. bath fr. Frs. 10

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pens. from Frs. 10. Large Park, Tennis Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady Park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Park Hotel.—
Bon Bros., proprietors
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg.—Bernese Oberland.—Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restf. hols., surr. by splen. woods & Alpine meads. Incl. terms fr. Frs. 10.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading htl. of the Jungfrau dist. offers you the most enjoyable sum. hol. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, prop.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac. Finest situation on lake. Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

DEAUVILLE
DISPATCH

RAPID AIR SERVICE TO LINK LONDON WITH DEAUVILLE

This summer it will be easy to reach the world's Greatest Playground by air. Only 55 minutes are required for the flight from Croydon to Deauville.

AIR SERVICE BEGINS JULY 2

The Olley Air Service Ltd. will begin its regular Croydon-Deauville flights on July 2. Departure from Horseferry House, London, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Tel. Victoria 6971/4) and from Croydon at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Tel. Croydon 5117/8). Fare: Single £3, Return £5. Special Brighton service to Deauville (only 40 minutes) begins July 29.

COME BY SEA IF YOU PREFER

Deauville is easily reached from Channel ports. Come via Dover-Calais, Newhaven-Dieppe, Folkestone-Boulogne, Southampton - Le Havre. From any of these French ports you can motor to Deauville on excellent roads. There are also direct trains from Paris, St. Lazare in 2 hours.

LUXURIOUS ACCOMMODATION AND ACCOMMODATING RATES

Stay at the comfortable NORMANDY HOTEL or at the GOLF HOTEL which overlooks one of the most beautiful courses on the Continent. Room with board, inclusive from £1 . 11 . 0. Room only, with bathroom, £1. The ROYAL HOTEL will be open at the end of June.

ALL SPORTS

Two golf links, polo, tennis, international regattas, physical culture for adults and children, horse show. 34 days' racing on two courses from July to September. 5,000,000 Francs in prizes. Golf tournaments in July.

ROULETTE WITH HIGHEST MAXIMUM STAKES — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT

There will be marvellous galas at the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs. CIRO'S is re-opening under the direction of ALBERT from MAXIM'S and the new World-Famed Casino will be the setting for the newest fashion or creations from Paris. And at the Deauville Yacht Club, GEORGES CARPENTIER will welcome you.

F. ANDRÉ, Managing Director.

every day on every bet

DUGGIE'S TERMS benefit the backer

. . . . because he pays full Tote Prices with *No Limit for Singles,* plus 5% to win and, in addition, plus 25% for places on single each way commissions and this concession is available to all backers irrespective of the number of bets placed.

No Limit Whatsoever at Starting Price

★ WRITE TODAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH

Douglas Stuart LTD.

STUART HOUSE - SHAFTESBURY AVENUE - LONDON - W-C-2

DUGGIE NEVER OWES